TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The *Empire* alleges that it will gratify not only the admirers of the Minister of Justice, but the people of Canada, to learn that Her Majesty has recognized his invaluable services in connection with the negotiations at Washington by creating him a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. It is this sort of newspaper rubbish which causes and partially justifies the vulgar but expressive murmur of—Rats!

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Sir John Thompson indeed, and Thompson with a P, mind you. Before he was knighted, he was not great enough to be noticeable, and the Sir will not make him noticeable enough to be great.

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Talking about the *Empire* suggests their unconcealed horror of President Cleveland's conduct in using a national question as a partisan campaign cry, and yet the same newspaper has spent very much of its valuable space in misrepresenting the opinions of every newspaper opposed to it in politics, and in endeavoring to make the public believe they are traitors by misconstruing what they have said, and misrepresenting what has evidently been a patriotic impulse. The majority of people imagine that if a newspaper or individual does not reform, neither should he preach, but the *Empire*, like lots of other preachers, goes on with its exhortations without being conspicuous in the beauty of its example.

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Like some of the rest f us, who perhaps make less out of it than he does, our esteemed brother Talmage always has something to say on public questions. He believes this little temporary disturbance between the United States and Canada is a sort of lover's quarrel, and that later they will kiss and make up, and that, on the principle that a great love is sometimes begotten of a little hate, Canada will marry brother Jonathan and live happily ever afterwards. The doctor shows himself to be an apostle of peace and goodwill when he suggests such pretty things, though we think they are very unlikely to happen. One remark, however was noticeable in his interview. In reply to the question, "How do you crowd so much work into your life?" he answered, "By not allowing myself to be troubled by anticipation or retrospection. I get one thing done, and never think about it again. I find a great many preachers are worried by these things." Dr. Talmage has preached some of the best and most popular and practical sermons ever given to a modern multitude, but he has said few things of more worth than this.

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The world is full of shivering people who dread the morrow or are filled with remorse for yesterday. Repentance is not a pusillanimous regret for what you have done but is natural sorrow for it coupled with an abiding resolution to lead a better life. A lot of weak-minded, craven-hearted and soft-spined people think they are making atonement for the past by moaning about it and weeping over it, while half the time in secret they look back to their follies as the greenest spots in their lives. The unpleasant things they have said, the failures they have had, the complications which may come around for collection like a thirty days' note, all these are a sort of Damocles' sword always hanging over their head. In this way they make misery for themselves without experiencing a repentance which in the future life will reduce their sentence by one half a degree Farenheit. The crowd that is looking forward to to-morrow as an oft-whipped boy anticipates the switch is frequently composed of the same people who are so seasick of yesterday. Through the great and echoing caverns of their imaginations the villain still pursues them, and instead of being able to sing the old distich about chasing the devil around the stump, he is after them, giving them a kick at every jump. People of this sort, if they pretend to be Christians, are slandering Providence by believing in the supremacy of Satan. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Crowd as much joy into it as you can. Make as many people happy and as few miserable as you know how. Begin by resolving to be happy yourself no matter what happens. Settle down to your work, selecting one task as if you were created specially to do that and nothing else. When it is done and it is gone from you with no need for correction, no more possibilities for revision, persuade yourself that it is just as it ought to be, and begin your next labor with a light heart and a thorough determination to finish it before you think about anything else. The Creator took seven days to put the earth together, and there is no record that He attempted to do it in one. If He set us an example of working by the week there is no reason why we should try to do everything in a day and sit up and snarl all night with our wife because we didn't get it done.

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The other night going up in a street car I found it crowded and expected to have to stand up, though I was just about as tired as when as a little boy I used to cry with the leg-ache. A real nice-looking woman on one side and a pleasant old man on the other crowded themselves up and made room for me, and I felt it was the first actual politeness I had received in a street car in six months. A wee boy, bare footed and ragged, with his baby trousers strapped around his little waist by an old suspender, came in selling the evening papers, but no one in the car bought one except the lady who had good-naturedly crushed her improver in making room for me. She gave him five cents, a pleasant smile, and said "Never mind the change, sonny." The lady next her said "Why, do you always do that? It seems to me it is no charity giving those little ragamuffins money." She answered "But just fancy if it was our little boy." I like that woman, and if this should meet her eye, I would like her to understand that I believe this little incident was noticed by One who has taught us that even a cup of cold water given to one of His little ones shall not go unrewarded. And that sweet-faced little boy, his countenance illumined by the bright look in his brown eyes, gave her a smile and a "Thank you!" worth fully the four cents change. Perhaps, some night, when her little boy is sick and she bends over him trying to ward off the cold touch of the angel of death, her prayer may be answered by the divine smile of One who will not exact the change for the debt which we have all incurred.

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I don't know how other people feel about it, but I confess a sympathy for E. Strachan Cox. As is usual with sympathy mine is not based on any logical reason, but is the result of an indefinable sentiment. While one can moralize, profitably perhaps, on this rather inglorious episode in the life of one of the "gallus" lads who had frequently put a dark red tint on the town, I am just wicked enough to find my sympathy responding when the gay, though doubtless unscrupulous man, comes to grief. Hundreds of others in this town besides myself have spent a jolly hour with Cox, and now when he is in a hole and I am at large I forget that it was acts of his own which got him into trouble and feel that I ought to do something to make him remember that I have not forgotten his cheery good morning and the jolly laugh which used to do something towards enlivening the days when his sorrow had not come. Though I was not his companion or crony I met him often enough to appreciate his many generous impulses and to feel that a sort of moral perverseness, partially natural, but largely the outgrowth of his associations and line of business, made him willing to make money in a way which even with my perhaps dull ideas of right and wrong seemed not above reproach. Yet in business his money was good enough for most people, and the dinners we shared, though not numerous, were never spoiled by the fear that he had made the wherewithal in a bucket-shop deal; and now, when he is accused of embezzlement, I find an opportunity of quietly taking myself aside and enquiring how much worse this is than the old scheme, if any, and whether I would be justified in turning up my nose and lecturing in any very pious strain.

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Of course, this is not the way we should look at it. A thing is either right or wrong, and though the present charge may not hold, even his most earnest sympathizers cannot maintain that he has been right. It may have been little, it may have been much, that he did towards the wrecking of the bank, yet we all feel that he was a contributor to the ruin; but there are many people who are willing to admit Cox's guilt who are not prepared to confess their own. There are several men in this town who, unlike Eddie Cox, make many pretensions of being particular in their way of getting money, yet are snuggling Central Bank dollars in pockets which every Sunday lean up against a pew. If we are to condemn, it must be on the broad principle that every man who contributed to that wreck, by carelessness or design, by sin of omission or commission, must be considered guilty and deserving of the reproaches of those who are in poverty and despair because they have lost their all in that unfortunate venture. The man who obtains advances from a bank without intending to repay them, the man who has bought goods with the idea of compromising at twenty-five cents in the dollar, the sneak who has borrowed money from a friend or has induced a too-trustful companion to endorse a note without intending to meet the obligation thus incurred, is guilty of equally as great an offence as the one urged against the imprisoned broker.

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Plenty of men who have made money and who are making money in this town in questionable ways, are ready to howl at the prisoner when in old times they were delighted to be convivial with him. The fact that he used to blow in his money and didn't seem to know the value of it, cannot be urged against him; it is rather a palliation of his offence. If he had thought as much of a dollar as some of the people do who are doing their best to rob their fellow-citizens, he would have better appreciated the loss of a few hundreds or thousands to the widow or the aged who dropped their little all in the failure of the Central Bank. He didn't care for a dollar, and didn't seem to think anyone else did, and if he took it away from a man in a careless sort of way, he spent it quite as easily. We cannot think of him as a hog anyway.

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As I started to say once before, this is not the way to look at it, but I have wandered off, making excuses for offences which, perhaps, are inexcusable. If he has done wrong he should be punished; that he has been one of the boys should not save him, and yet the boys will feel like saving him if they can. An example ought to be made of men who wreck banks and misappropriate trust funds. Nothing seems more terrible to us than to see the savings of the poor dissipated by reckless speculators or dishonest officials. If they are our savings, it seems still more terrible, even though we know we deposited money in the bank that ought to have been used to pay our debts. This suggests to me that the man who doesn't pay his debts when he has the money is an embezzler. There are many embezzlers of this sort. This does not excuse Cox, but it hits some of those who would like to see him go to Kingston for not being any meaner than they are.

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As I said a couple of times before, this is not the way to look at it. Unless we adopt absolute honesty as our code of morals, refusing to permit good fellowship to excuse or avarice to aggravate the offence, we are continually being led off into sentiment and wandering away from justice. Yet how few of us accept absolute honesty as our rule. I have always tried to be honest in money matters, and feel confident that I have never skipped a wash-bill or defrauded any one out of a cent, yet I would hate to be examined on my honesty all the same, for I feel that a man can be commercially honest and still have a good many weak points in his integrity. Some people take a pride in paying a hundred cents on the dollar in commercial matters, and are not ashamed to settle with the Lord at two pence on the pound, and give a slow note for that. They would not defraud their creditors out of a cent, but they rob their family of happiness and try to sneak into heaven themselves without having spent half-a-dollar trying to get any one else there.

It is an old saying that the man who is hard and honest is hardly honest, and I would like to suggest that the man who is soft and honest cannot do business in this vale of tears without having a lot of very excellent people taking advantage of him.

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No doubt we should judge bank wreckers by the sternly immovable rule of absolute honesty, and there is just as little doubt that we ought to judge ourselves on the same basis. This might not acquit Cox, but I tell you it would convict a heap of men who don't need to hustle around after bail.

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Since writing last week President Cleveland's threatened retaliation on Canada has enlivened the dull monotony of our summer politics. The Republicans on the other side of the line and the generality of Canadians on this side of the border profess to be very much surprised. I confess that I see no reason for astonishment. People seem to imagine that the existing state of things is the only state of things that can exist. To the majority any change causes surprise, and, unless it is for the betterment of their own fortune, excites irritation. What particular reason have we to expect that the United States will always continue to carry our goods across their territory in bond? None, except that they have had the neighborly habit of doing it in the past. True enough we have been reciprocating, but even the most friendly neighbors (in fact it is chiefly true of the most friendly neighbors) have occasional disputes and frequent alienations. The thicker people get the more apt they are to quarrel. If we look at our relations with the United States and consider how our next door neighbors would feel if we behaved towards them in the manner which has characterised our dealings and utterances with regard to the United States, we will be able to apprehend the perfect naturalness of Cleveland's threatened action. Nations are like individuals, and for the sake of illustration let us suppose that on one of our old-fashioned streets Mrs. Jonathan and Mrs. Canuck live side by side, Mrs. J. occupying the corner lot. Acquaintanceship is ripened into a certain amount of intimacy, Mrs. Jonathan sometimes borrowing a bowl of butter, a loaf of bread or a bar of soap, when visitors drop in unexpectedly, and Mrs. Canuck, on the other hand, having the privilege of bringing her coal across Mrs. Jonathan's yard and of getting a pailful of water from her well. And lo, when the summer days are come and Mrs. Jonathan sits out in her back yard, she hears Mrs. Canuck continually telling her sons and daughters that Mrs. Jonathan is an old fraud, that there is one young Jonathan in the penitentiary, and one has been hanged, and the rest of them ought to be; that Mr. Jonathan makes his living by swindling the public with wooden nutmegs, bass-wood hams, and confidence games. Thus during the long and sultry evenings, while Mrs. Jonathan listens to these stories about the wickedness of her family and the utter rottenness of her domestic economy, she hears Mrs. Canuck say that she doesn't know how to bake bread, and that her beds are dirty and her floors never washed, and that it is her habit to empty the dish water into the molasses barrel, she becomes somewhat excited, and it is surprising that she keeps her temper at all, particularly when she recollects the shortcomings of Mrs. Canuck's rather obstreperous family. But some of the young Jonathans hear these stories at school. Little Johnnie Canuck boasts among their playmates that his ma has called Mrs. Jonathan every name she can think of, and yet that frowy old dame hasn't had spunk enough to resent it. Some of Mrs. J.'s sons declare they will leave home unless their mother makes a kick, and to keep peace in the family Mrs. J. sends word to Mrs. Canuck that next winter she'll have to bring her coal in through the parlor, and they can dig a well of their own or go without water. It would not be unnatural, but it would seem very odd if Mrs. Canuck should express any great astonishment at the result her own noisy tongue had brought about.

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As a matter of fact, it would be a fortunate thing for Canada if retaliatory measures were adopted by the American Congress. We are past the age of carrying our truck through aneighbor's yard, and with a little labor we can get a side-entrance of our own, which, though it may keep us a little busy freeing it from snow, will be *ours*, and we will havethe satisfaction of the old woman who had been borrowing a kettle from a neighbor for twenty years, when she returned it for the last time, saying, "I have bought a kettle of my own, and now I'll neither borrow nor lend." When the gate is nailed up and a high fence erected between us and our neighbors, we can sit out in the back yard and slang them all we want to, as long as we are prepared to punch the heads of the little Jonathans when they "sass" us in the street. This is not the highest type of neighborly ethics, but it is the kind which generally prevails. We would show much better manners if we made more infrequent comments, and would have less affronts to resent if we offered fewer. Still it is a question whether the most manly man has not in his nature a well developed streak of pugnacity. If he lacks it, he is too apt to admire his neighbors and to look with discontent on his own surroundings. The weakest and most insignificant character is that of the person who thinks his neighbor's children are nicer than his own. Any man who makes invidious comparisons between his own country and another, proves himself to be lacking in natural pride, or betrays to the world that he is born of a poor race and has not risen superior to his surroundings.

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All northern people are more hardy, more aggressive and braver than the children sunnier climes. Canadians are made of good stuff. Canada is full of big men, brave men, and independent men. They are bigger than their fathers. They have preserved the traditions, are inspired by the glory, and feel in their veins the blood of the races which dominated Europe. They have a country as grand and love-inspiring as those which gave birth to a Bruce, an Alfred, or a Charlemagne. Gradually there are being attracted to our mountains and plains a race of hardy people who love liberty, but hate anarchy, and we are growing as a nation

(*Continued on Page Eleven.*)

THE PUSSIES' DINNER.

Yea or Nay?

Merry sounds the blackbird's song in the poplar tree,
Sweet sounds the thrush's note across the grassy lea,
But bonnier far to me is the voice of little Rose
Calling through the window where the honeysuckle grows.

Will she have me? I would know, but then I fear to ask,
For Rose, you see, is saucy; but whether 'tis a mask
To hide her deeper feelings, why I really cannot say,
So I'm just on pins and needles till I'm answered yea or nay.

Now, yesterday I took a stroll up town to see the zoo,
It was near the hour of closing and the visitors were few.
The shades of eve were gathering as I sauntered by a tree,
Where 'neath the branches standing two creatures chanced to be.

They weren't *human* creatures, though they were about as tall,
And they talked a sort of lingo that I don't know what to call,
But I needed no interpreter, their actions were so *chic*,
'Twas an universal language quite as good as *Volapuk*.

"Be mine," the tallest whispered to the other, bending low,
"Shake all the other fellows, and be my petite *oiseau*!"
"My dearest Vogelchen," she said, and nudged him in the side,
"Thas ever been my dearest wish to be your bl ushing bride."

They were wedded on the spot by the man up in the moon
And then I came away because, thinks I, some other coon
Will pluck *your* Rose away from where the honeysuckles bloom,
If you do not muster courage like Sir Vogel in the gloom.

So at once I hied me thither, with my heart all in a glow,
But what I said to things save the honeysuckles know.
Now, you're doubtless curious to know if she will be my wife?
Well, that rose will waft its fragrance all through my future life!

HALE.

Society.

Last Saturday's hop at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was really the prettiest and best of the season. The ball-room was jammed, which necessitated the dining-room being utilized for dancing. The hop of next Saturday will be the last given this season, though I do not know exactly when the Queen's Royal people will close up, but probably early in September. Amongst those present at last Saturday's hop were Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill, Miss Kingsmill, Miss Wood, Mrs. D. O. Brooke, Mrs. and Miss Lightbourne, Mrs. and Miss Crooks, Mrs. and the Misses Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goulding, Miss Fletcher, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Dr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald, Capt. Burns, Mr. Fred G. Cox, Mr. W. Jas. Cooper, Mr. E. C. Jones, Mr. G. H. Brooke, Mr. A. H. Brock, Mr. D. J. MacMurchy, Miss Small, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dickson, Mr. Cassimer Dickson of Toronto, Mrs. R. Shaw Wood, Miss Wood, Miss Macbeth, Mr. R. O. Wood of London, Mr. T. and Miss Monro, Mr. R. G. and Mrs. Cox of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mr. W. T. Miller, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Bingham, Mrs. Jas. Moffat, Mr. C. H. and Miss Moffat, Miss Hoxsie, Mr. F. P. and Miss Brown, Mrs. and Miss Stratton, Miss Bryant, Mr. G. F. Fielden, Mr. Herbert Darling, Mrs. D. C. and Miss Clara Baker of Buffalo.

The tide seems really to have turned, and this week it must be my pen's pleasant task to record a good many welcome names of people who have left their summer places and have returned to town.

On Friday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Rideout returned from Montreal, and so completed the last stage of travels that have taken them through a great part of eastern Europe, and have lasted for some eight or nine months. Mr. and Mrs. Rideout have taken the house in Rosedale formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Harcourt reached town at the end of last week after a stay of some weeks on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels will follow them in a few days.

The Parisian has brought some numbers of people whose names Toronto society read with interest. None more so than those of Sir Alex. Campbell and Miss Campbell who are domiciled once more within the walls of Government House.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey and Miss Carey of London, Eng., are at present staying in town. It is possible that they may take a house and stay here at any rate for next winter, and many friends and acquaintances hope that what is possible will be done.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Law, who have been here for a few days, have left to spend the remainder of the summer in Muskoka.

The Misses Ramsay of Hamilton were in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kekewich of Devonshire, England, were in town this week.

Mr. Fraser Lefroy has returned to town from the Georgian Bay.

Miss Louise Burton has gone to Muskoka.

Mr. George Burton has returned from Muskoka.

Mr. G. W. Yarker reached Toronto at the beginning of the week after a trip to seaside places in the States.

Miss Yarker has once more left town for Muskoka, and Miss Maud Yarker has gone from Edenswold, Orillia, to Longuissa, on the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, after a stay of some weeks at Niagara Falls, have returned to Parkdale.

Mrs. Jarvis has also come back to town from the Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards are staying at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. Parker has returned from England, *via* New York, and is again in town.

Rev. Ralph Brydges and Mrs. Brydges of New York are in town.

The advent of the Irish gentlemen has been a cause of pleasant excitement in cricketing and society circles during the past week. The three days' play between the visitors and an eleven of the gentlemen of Canada was a most enjoyable affair, the grounds and the spectators being worthy of the occasion. The international match has paled into insignificance before the event of this week, in fact very little else has been discussed in cricketing circles.

The arrival of the visitors at Quebec, their victories at Kingston, Ottawa, and Orillia all have added to their fame, and increased the desire of the home team for the present match.

The visitors reached town on Wednesday morning from Orillia, and after a late breakfast started for a short practice on the Bloor street grounds. Later on in the afternoon they attended the At Home given by Mrs. Albert Nordheimer.

Every effort has been made by the committee to make the stay of our visitors a pleasant one, and to testify in some slight degree to the royal welcome given our players in Dublin last year.

On Thursday night a theater party was given by the Toronto Club and the humor and pathos of Sol Smith Russell were heartily enjoyed. There was quite a notable gathering of cricketers scattered throughout the audience who had come with a divided allegiance, their love for cricket, and a keen desire to see and hear Sol Smith once more.

On Friday night the visitors had a royal time at the dinner given by the members of the Toronto Cricket Club at the Reform Club. The reputation of the *chef* at the latter was fully sustained by the bill of fare. It was a grand night. All the local landmarks of cricket were there. The chair was taken by the genial member for Centre Toronto, and of course things went off with a vim from start to finish. The toast list was a sensible one, and although "no skylights—no heel-taps" was the order of the night, the small number of toasts prevented any excess, and enabled the fun of the night to bear the retrospection of the morrow. The following is a list of the toasts: The Queen, followed by God Save the Queen; the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Governor-General of Canada. The Army and Navy responded to by Mr. W. R. Johnston of the West India Regiment, and Mr. Dunn of the King's Own Borderers. Our Guests brought Mr. Hynes, the captain of the team, and several others to their feet, who responded with all the wit and eloquence of Irishmen. The toast of The Press was ably responded to by Mr. McClintock of *Sport*, an Old Country journal, and Mr. H. K. Cockin of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. Volunteer toasts were in order, and a glorious time was spent. A song composed for the occasion, and sung by Mr. Stewart, brought down the house, and the harmony of the evening was well sustained by Messrs. W. Armstrong, G. G. S. Lindsey, D. W. Saunders, W. W. Jones and R. Cassimer Dickson, who, one and all, flung off their ditties in rattling style.

And here at this point let praise be given where the latter is due. The whole success of the Irishmen's visit is principally due to the executive ability and personal magnetism of Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey, who, it must be confessed, has been ably assisted by Mr. Shanly. The genial Paddies are to be congratulated on their choice of a manager, who in this instance has been undoubtedly the right man in the right place. Mr. Lindsey has a distinct genius for this sort of thing. The tour of the Canadian Gentlemen in England and Ireland last year was an undoubted success, and was entirely planned and carried out by him. His contemplated scheme for the West Indian tour in 1889 bids fair to attain to assured success—already more than the requisite number of players having promised their presence when called upon.

Since writing the foregoing I have been up to the Toronto Cricket Ground, and have seen the last Canadian wicket go down for something like 115 in the first innings. The day was perfection, and the spectators began to pour in at a rapid rate, just as *press* of circumstances required my presence elsewhere. Amongst those who were on the ground almost from the commencement of the match were Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Allan Baines, Miss Macdonald of New York, Mrs. Ralph Brydges of New York, Mrs. J. H. Cameron, Mrs. T. C. Patteson, the Misses Patteson, Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, the Misses Shanly, Mrs. Rene Gamble, the Misses Hickie, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. McMaster, Mrs. Lewis Moffatt, the Rev. Harcourt Vernon, Judge Dartnel of Whitby, and Messrs. Rene Gamble, Harcourt Vernon, Alfred Boultbee, C. A. Gifford, G. Atcheson, G. Lyons, J. H. Senkler, E. Senkler, C. Philpott, Dr. Allan Baines, J. A. Tarbutt, Rev. Ralph Brydges, Dr. D. O. R. Jones, Dr. J. H. Cameron, Dr. Crawford Scadding, Messrs. Clarkson Jones, T. R. Stinson of Hamilton, A. Wolferstan Thomas, A. Munro Grier, T. S. C. Saunders of Guelph, A. W. Winslow, W. J. Stratton, H. J. Symonds, G. Stimson, Frank Jones, E. J. Sanders, J. W. Harvey of Hamilton, Frank Darling, H. D. Gamble and T. C. Patteson.

Personal.

Mr. Small returned from Mami, N S., on Wednesday last.

Professor Goldwin Smith is expected home from Winnipeg to-morrow.

Mr. James Maclennan, Q.C., has returned from a very pleasant European tour.

Mrs. C. Pelham-Mulvaney left town on Wednesday for a short visit to Niagara.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Brough are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley, Wellington street.

Mr. O. R. Hughes of the Imperial Bank leaves this week for Grimsby, his favorite resort.

Miss Lyons of Georgetown is spending her holidays with the Misses Spence of McCaul street.

Sir David Radcliffe and Capt. Findlay of Liverpool, England, spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. Charles Patterson and Miss Patterson returned on Tuesday last from Beaumaris, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. James Way have departed for a two months' trip on the upper lakes, visiting Chicago *en route*.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denison have returned from a two weeks' run to the Mackinaw district and eastward as far as Montreal.

Ex-Mayor W. B. McMurrich has returned from his European trip, whither he has been on business thoughts intent.

Mr. A. Patterson, jr., of H. M. Customs, left town on Tuesday for a two weeks' run to the White Mountains, New York and Philadelphia.

Mrs. John Dunn and Miss Carrie Dunn have returned after a three months' tour of the Lower Provinces as far east as New Brunswick.

Hon. Oliver Mowat arrived in town on Tuesday night, looking exceedingly well, and confessed to having had a most enjoyable journey home.

Mr. H. J. Wright, accompanied by his sister, Miss Georgie Wright, returned from a most pleasant visit to New York and other places last Friday.

Mr. A. A. Helliwell, accountant of the Dominion Bank branch, Queen street west, is spending his holidays in Muskoka and St. Catharines.

Sir Sparrow Thompson and Sir Hector Langevin were in Toronto on Tuesday night on their way to take part in the demonstration in honor of Dr. Montague, M.P.

Mrs. Day of Jarvis street has been entertaining friends from Ohio during the week, who confess themselves as delighted with Toronto as a summer resort.

Mr. T. S. C. Saunders of Guelph has been in town during the week, taking in the big cricket match. He will also take in the match with Hamilton next week before returning to Guelph.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald are visiting friends at the Thousand Islands. Miss Kate Laidlaw, who had been visiting Miss Macdonald, returned home on Saturday last.

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier and Madame Laurier arrived in Toronto on Tuesday morning from St. Thomas, and were guests during the day at the residence of Mr. H. H. Cook, M.P. In the evening Mr. and Madame Laurier left for Montreal.

Mr. C. D. Leng of the Sheffield *Telegraph* was in the city this week, together with Mrs. Leng. They will spend a week at the Queen's Royal, Niagara. Mr. Leng's father was the first and only newspaper man outside of the House of Commons ever knighted in England.

Mrs. E. W. D. Butler and family are spending a few weeks at Five Mile River, Connecticut, enjoying the invigorating salt water air of Long Island Sound. Mrs. Butler is recovering from the effects of the gas explosion by which she so narrowly escaped disfigurement for life.

The principal society event next week will be the annual championship tournament of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club which commences in the Club Grounds, on Tuesday, the 4th inst. The rules of the M. C. C. and A. E. L. T. C. will be followed. The drawing will be on "Bagnall-Wild" system.

Mrs. Charles Morrison and children, after an absence of eleven months in New Zealand, returned home last week, and the large number of friends who met her at the Union station is a gratifying proof of the esteem in which Mrs. Morrison is held by all who have the pleasure of knowing her.

The following party of ladies and gentlemen are in Quebec on a visit, and registered at the St. Louis Hotel: Hon. Richard A. Waite, architect of the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, accompanied by Mrs. Waite; Miss Barbara Adams of Buffalo, N.Y.; John Fletcher and wife, Toronto; P. J. Toomey and wife of St. Louis, U.S.

The death of Sir John Rose, G.C.M.G., adds another to the list of eminent Canadians who have passed over to the silent majority, and brings to mind a *bon mot* which the deceased gentleman brought forth from Henry Pearce Driscoll, who was at that time assistant Judge of the Queen's Bench, Montreal. The Hon. Mr. Rose, then ex-Minister of Finance, was pleading before Mr. Driscoll, and intimated that the Bench prevented him replying as he desired to his Honor, on which the latter quickly retorted: "I think you have thrown a considerable vertical fire into it, nevertheless."

Mr. Cecil Horrocks of Grenville street met with a painful accident on Saturday last, which will incapacitate him from attending to business for some days. While he was driving from Brampton to Meadowvale with some friends, his horse stumbled in descending a hill, overturning the carriage. Mr. Horrocks was thrown to the ground with such force that his collar bone was fractured and he was considerably bruised about the body. He is now progressing favorably, and his friends hope for his speedy recovery.

The ancient and gentle game of bowls has many admirers in Toronto, ample evidence of which was given on Tuesday afternoon at the fifth contest between the Granite and Victoria Bowling Clubs. The Granites were championed by Messrs. Alexander, Bertram, Dalton, Henderson, Moffatt, Bleasdell, Bruce, Hodgson, Musson, Gibbs, Thornton, McDonald, Bright, Bolster, Merritt and Dr. Wright; and the following gentlemen represented the Victorias: Messrs. McNally, Harman, Tilley, Geddes, Andrews, T. M. Scott, A. P. Scott, Jones, Russell, McCracken, Shepard, Leslie, Morrison, Capreol, Robertson and Plummer. The Victorias ultimately proved victors by a score of 79 against their opponents' 49.

Out of Town.

BIRTLE, MANITOBA.

Early Wednesday morning the town assembled at the Methodist Church to witness the marriage of Miss Ella Cumming, only daughter of Mr. D. W. Cumming, to F. Morse Morse, of the firm of Miller, Morse & Co., Winnipeg. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The ceremony was performed at half past seven o'clock, Rev. T. C. Buchanan officiating. The bride wore her traveling dress, a very pretty and stylish one of terra cotta cloth and velvet, and looked of course charming. The bridesmaid was Miss Lottie Wood, who was becomingly attired in a gown of gobelin blue. The groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. Fred Morse. At the close of the ceremony a handsome bible was presented to the bride by Mr. F. G. Lewis in behalf of the trustees of the church, in accordance with the custom of giving a bible to the first bride married in the church. The happy couple intend taking an extended tour through the Western States, and will return to Winnipeg next month when they will there take up their abode. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and costly presents among which might be mentioned a superb piano from her father, a handsome dinner set of Doulton ware from the groom's sister, Mrs. Harton Walker of Toronto; an elegant silver service from his brothers, Messrs. Fred and Harry Morse; also a beautiful diamond brooch.

Miss Cumming was deservedly one of our most popular young ladies, and she will be sadly missed in Birtle.

Mrs. Morse of Toronto, mother of the groom, was present at the wedding.

BELLEVILLE.

On Wednesday evening a few of the young people were invited to the Bank of Montreal, where a very pleasant evening was spent by all. Among others were noticed the following: Miss Denmark, Miss Minnie Davy, Miss Georgie Ross, Miss Mabel Wilson, Messrs. Jack Halloway, H. D. Hulme and E. L. Middleton.

Mrs. J. Parker Thomas gave a party on Thursday, and Mrs. R. Croft Hulme one on Friday evening, which all enjoyed.

Miss Ethel Middleton of Oshawa is visiting Miss Ethel Thomas. Miss Georgie Fairbairn of Bowmanville is staying with Miss Sarah Dickson.

CHATHAM.

Mr. Fred. Langford, son of Rev. Mr. Langford of London has been visiting in town for the last three weeks, and has occupied the pulpit of the Park Street Methodist Church upon several occasions. He is a graceful and eloquent speaker for one so young, being only 19 years of age, and gives every promise of being a useful pastor.

W. F. Smith passed his first intermediate law examination, and Messrs. W. A. Thrasher, S. B. Arnold and H. T. Cowan their second intermediate last week in Toronto.

Mrs. A. Craddock, Mrs. Charles Dunlop, Mrs. Robert Morton, the Misses Noel, Pennyfather, Lyons and Fannie Wells and Mr. and Mrs. George Heyward, left on Friday last for Montreal, Quebec and other eastern points.

Mr. Angus Kirkland, manager of the Bank of Montreal, has gone to Montreal on a short visit.

Messrs. J. J. Horstead and R. H. Monck were the representatives of the Chatham C. C. in the match between the Western Association and the Ontario Association, played at Detroit on the 27th and 28th August. Horstead distinguished himself by making the top score for the Canadians, and by playing a grand game behind the wickets.

Ex-Mayor Patteson is in New York on business.

Christ Church was the scene of a decided novelty on Tuesday last, for as far as Chatham is concerned the ladies do not appear to be taking advantage of their prerogative of the year, and I presume the men do not desire to trespass upon their privilege. The occasion referred to was the marriage of Miss Florence

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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DANCING---A CHALLENGE
A certain professor (?) recently advertised in the SATURDAY NIGHT "that he only minuet ever danced in Toronto was taught at his academy." In justice to myself and the public at large I cannot allow the assertion to go uncontradicted I hereby issue the following challenge, the winner to place the money in the hands of the Mayor of Toronto for the purpose of distribution among the charitable institutions of the city:—I will wager $50 that the assertion is untrue, $50 that a Court Minuet was never taught at the said academy, $50 that the Minuet in question was not a Court Minuet, $50 that it was a medley and therefore a farce on a Minuet, $50 that it did not contain a "Pas de Menuet," "Pas Grave," "Rond de Jambe," "Pas Marche," "Assemble," "Coupe Dessus," Pas de Valse," "Pas de Basque," "Pirouette," "Pas Siesous," "Pas de Bourre" or "Jete" Minuet movement (Note—the Minuet alluded to is the one that was danced at the Art Fair). $50 that Prof. Davis taught the only Court Minuet ever taught by a professor and teacher of dancing in Toronto
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These engravings represent some of the attractions secured by the committee of the Industrial Fair for the coming exhibition, which will be opened on September 11 by His Excellency the Governor-General. The Viennese lady fencers will give daily exhibitions of their marvellous skill with foils and daggers. This troupe consists of nine beautiful and refined young Austrian ladies from Vienna, under the directorship of Prof. Hartl. Several of these are ladies of rank. In New York, Boston and other American cities where they have appeared they have drawn large and enthusiastic audiences. As a novel, interesting and exciting entertainment the fencing of these ladies cannot be beaten. This will be their only appearance in Canada.

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FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

My Mysterious Wooing.

"Now then, miss, look sharp!" shouted the guard at the Paddington station.

I raised my eyes from my morning paper just in time to hold out a helping hand towards a young girl who sprang lightly into the carriage in which I sat. The door was shut with a bang, and the train sped swiftly into the tunnel, the jerk at starting sending the new comer almost into my arms.

"I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, with a slight foreign accent.

I answered as one does on such an occasion, declaring that it did not matter at all, I hoped that she was not hurt, etc.; while an elderly gentleman opposite volunteered his opinion that some day somebody would break their neck, and then the company would be sorry for it.

The lady sat down in the corner of the carriage and began to read. The light of the lamp fell full on her face, which was very pale. An abundance of dark hair waved under her high-crowned hat; she had long, curved eyelashes; a sensitive mouth; she was very young, and she was exquisitely beautiful. She wore a tweed ulster, and a crimson silk handkerchief was tied in a knot round her shapely throat. She might have been a little schoolgirl, so simple was her toilette, or a princess in disguise, so high did she hold her head. Five or six stations farther on she rose to get out of the train. I bent forward and opened the door. She bowed slightly, and, stepping out, passed quickly along the platform.

I was junior partner in a well-to-do city firm, and there was a great pressure of business that day, but ever and anon I was haunted by the pale sweet face of the princess in disguise, and amid the roar of the city traffic I heard her voice. It was a ridiculous fancy, but I longed to see her again.

The next morning found me a passenger in the same train. As we reached Praed street station I looked out of the window. There was the little princess again! She put her hand upon the carriage door and entered; as she did so she looked up; her large grey eyes rested quietly on my face for a few moments; then she took out her book and began to read as if no such person as Edgar Deane existed.

In vain I asked myself what I had expected, how otherwise I should wish a sister of mine to behave in similar circumstances.

I chafed and fumed behind my newspaper. I would have given a handsome sum down to any kindly friend who would have introduced me to this lovely girl there and then.

The next day and the next, and so on for a whole month, we were travelling companions by the same train nearly every morning, very often in the same compartment. Once or twice I had found an opportunity of speaking to her; once she dropped her glove, and I helped her to search for it. Little by little she began to appear conscious of my presence, even to wish me a friendly good morning sometimes; and, as for me, I said to myself, "Edgar Deane, you are a fool!" Yes, I knew it—I had fallen a victim to a pair of wistful gray eyes, to a pale face and a girl's sweet voice.

It was a warm spring, and traveling by the underground railway became unpleasant. In ordinary circumstances I should have gone down to my office in a hansom, but just then I could not resist the chance of beholding the subject of my thoughts again and again, even if it were but the top of her hat as she passed along the platform.

One day a business matter took me in the direction of a distant suburb, and, full as my head was of the "disguised princess," it was scarcely a surprise to me to see her standing on the other side of the street. While I was debating within myself whether I should address her or not, a tramcar came rattling by, she stepped into it, and I lost sight of her again. As I crossed the road I saw something white lying on the kerb stone; it was a handkerchief which she had dropped in the hurry of departure. It was soft and white and scented with a fragrant perfume; in one corner was embroidered a coronet, and underneath in raised letters the name "Estelle." I placed the handkerchief in my breast-pocket, determined that, should a convenient opportunity arise, I would return it to her.

But no fitting opportunity did arise, and I wondered how I was to make one. How could I insult a lady to whom I was attached heart and soul by forcing my acquaintance upon her? What chance had I in this mighty London of ever meeting her at the house of an acquaintance? Could I pace the streets and spy upon her till I discovered her home, and then introduce myself to her relatives or guardians? Why, I did not even know her surname! One suggestion was more absurd than another, and yet I thought hourly of "Estelle."

On the day after the handkerchief episode I missed her from the platform. I got out of the train and lingered about, but she did not come. The next morning I felt my heart beating wildly as the train stopped at the station, and my spirits rose as I caught sight of her again. How I thanked Heaven that she was not ill!

The guard, all politeness, put her into the carriage of which I was the sole occupant, and she took her accustomed place in silence. By-and-bye I stole a glance in her direction. She was sitting with her head bent down, apparently studying the pattern of the carpet at her feet. She was dressed as usual, except that she wore a veil. She took off one glove, and I saw a curious gold ring on one of her fingers. What pretty taper fingers she had! I longed to take her hand in mine, to draw her to my heart and say——

What folly this was! Things had come to a pretty pass that I must be weaving such a romance as this on the underground railway! Presently she moved nearer to me in the same place—nearer to me, and consulted her watch. Short-sighted as I am, I thought I could trace the letter "E" on the enamelled watch-case.

At the next station an inspector got in and asked to see her ticket.

"Very sorry to trouble you, miss, but it's the company's rule."

She felt in her purse, and then in her handbag, but could not find the all-important ticket. She was flurried, and had forgotten where she had put it for safe keeping. I had so often seen her take it from her sleeve-pocket that it was quite a relief to my mind when she produced it at last with a little laugh.

"The officials are very polite in your country," she said, turning to me.

It was the first time that she had ever addressed me voluntarily. I answered with delight, and then the train stopped, and she left me.

For a whole week after that she traveled in a different compartment; I even fancied that she avoided the one in which I was seated. Perhaps—it was a horrible thought—she had discovered my admiration, and resented it!

At last there came a day when we again sat opposite to each other. She was conversing with a lady—a loud-voiced person—and it seemed to me that Estelle rather shrank from her flow of questions. Very likely she did not wish her private affairs to be discussed in a public conveyance. Did she always come by the early train? How charming it was to meet her! Did she still teach the same pupil?

"Yes," answered Estelle, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"I don't know how they treat you, my dear. You don't look very flourishing."

"I am quite well; and they are kind people."

"You don't say so! And how is the dear Baroness, and where is she?"

"Still in Paris."

"Ah! Such a fine woman! It is easy to see from which side of the family you girls get your good looks. Ah—oh, never mind, my love—nobody can hear what I say in the train!—and so she has thrown your sister over!"

"No, no," exclaimed Estelle eagerly; "she has come away of her own free will—she is with us for the present. There has been no quarrel, only a little misunderstanding."

"And how long will it last?"

Estelle made no answer, but, as she raised her eyes towards the loud-voiced lady, I saw that they were filled with tears.

That evening business matters called me to the North of England. I was away for three weeks, and I returned to find myself more wildly in love than ever with a girl of whose family I knew nothing and with whom I had exchanged but a few words. On the afternoon of my return I was lounging listlessly into my club when an old schoolfellow, Charlie Walters, slapped me upon the shoulder.

"Hallo, old man," he exclaimed, "you look about as lively as a mute at a funeral! Come and dine with me, and we'll go to the Piccadilly; and I have tickets for a ball in aid of the Society for Promoting—I have really forgotten what, but it's a highly laudable object. We can go on there after the theater. I'm told it's a rattling good piece."

I had no mind for gaiety, but Charlie persuaded me into accompanying him; we dined together, and at nine o'clock found ourselves the occupants of two stalls in the second row of the Piccadilly Theater. The piece was a popular one—I don't remember what it was about, except that there was a great deal of singing and dancing.

"By Jove," exclaimed Charlie, "that's awfully pretty!"

A group of girls dressed in white advanced towards the footlights, waving their arms slowly, while the band played a weird melody. All at once they formed a still more picturesque group representing a flower. Each girl had a white lily in her outstretched hand and a star on her forehead, and she who stood in the centre was no taller than my Estelle!

I started involuntarily, letting my programme fall. Seizing the opera glass, I looked again. There could be no mistaking the graceful head, the light sandy hair and the proud sweet face. Estelle a ballet-girl! I could hardly believe my senses. I should like to have rushed across the footlights and carry her off there and then—I would have given anything for the right to say, "You shall work no more for your living, my poor child! Everything that I have—my heart, my hand, my fortune—are all yours, if you will but love me!"

I sat there motionless as a statue till the act ended. Charlie looked at his watch and said that it was time to go; he was sorry to drag me away, but he had promised to be at the ball early. I followed him blindly, and we drove off in a hansom at a swinging trot.

I do not think we could have been more than ten minutes on the road when we came into collision with an omnibus proceeding westwards. While a few uncomplimentary phrases were exchanged between the two drivers I looked into the omnibus, and there, close to the lamp that hung on the door, I saw Estelle again. She looked paler than usual, and her eyes were lighted up with a strange light. Was I in my right senses? A quarter of an hour before I had seen her in a ballet at the Piccadilly Theater—at least I could have sworn that I had seen her but you know I could not; it was utterly impossible. How could she have reached here in the time? The crawling omnibus had not done the distance under quite half an hour, and yet—and yet—At any rate, I was now resolved to fathom the mystery. I made the best excuse I could to Charlie Walters, and finally he drove off without me, declaring that I was the most whimsical fellow he had ever met.

I sprang into another hansom, and directed the driver to follow the omnibus till it reached its halting-place. There the last passenger, a slight young figure, got out and walked quickly up the road. I dismissed the cab and followed her.

It was a quiet neighborhood; many of the houses had gardens, and the lilac bushes were still in bloom. Before a two-storyed villa she stopped, took out a latch-key, and went in. I saw a gleam of light, then a door was suddenly opened.

"Is it you, Estelle?"—"Yes, dear mother."

The hall door closed with a bang, and all was darkness.

The next day I made inquiries of the tradespeople in the vicinity, and from them I learned that a foreign lady, by name Madam Bertrand, with her daughter, had been lodging there during the winter; but, except that they were very quiet people, nothing was known of them. In the afternoon I called at the Beeches—so the villa was named—and asked to see "Madam Bertrand."

The woman who opened the door was one of the most abrupt it has ever been my lot to meet.

"What name?" she asked.

I handed her my card.

"Say, if you please, that although personally unknown to Madam Bertrand, I hope she will receive me."

"She doesn't see no visitors. It's a mistake."

"But my good woman," I remonstrated.

She actually shut the door in my face, and I was forced to beat a reluctant retreat. But here fortune favored me, for at the little garden gate I saw Estelle just entering. She wore a light dress, and had a sky-blue ribbon fastened round her neck with a star. My Estelle! She was a thousand times more beautiful to-day than I had ever seen her before. Her pale face flushed crimson as I took off my hat and addressed her.

"I was desirous of calling on Madam Bertrand," I said in haste, "on a matter which concerns me deeply; but your servant has refused me admittance. My name is Deane—Edgar Deane. May I hope that I may be allowed to call again another day?"

"I am sorry," replied Estelle; "but my mother is an invalid, and does not receive visitors. Can I be of any use in the matter?"

She stood with one hand on the gate, speaking very gently, with the slight foreign accent which was so charming. If I had only dared, I might have told her the whole truth; but I dreaded meeting with a rebuff, so I made a hasty apology, and declared that I would not trouble her.

"No trouble," she said, with a gracious smile; "and I think, Mr. Deane, that we are not altogether strangers. Do you still travel by the 9.45 train?"

I told her that I did, that it was my great happiness to do so, that I looked forward to it day and night, that I hoped in time she would regard me not as a stranger, but as a friend.

How long I stood talking by the gate I do not know, but Estelle left me at last with an invitation to call that day week, as she hoped by that time her mother would be well enough to see me. As she moved away she turned to wave her hand and say "*Au revoir!*"

I had walked half a mile at least down the road before I remembered that I was no nearer solving the mystery of Estelle's appearance on the boards of the Piccadilly Theater.

"A ridiculous likeness, enough to deceive any man; but how could it have been Estelle—how could it?"

Nevertheless that evening I dropped into the theater, and this time I stayed till the very end. I heard the chorus and saw the fair flower group; I scanned each face anxiously, and soon convinced myself that Estelle's was not among them. With a sigh of relief I told myself that I had made a mistake.

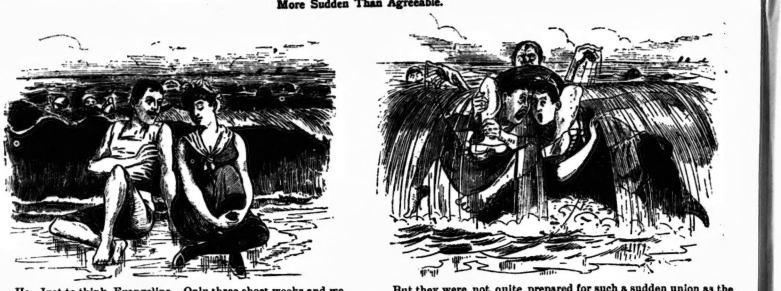
(To be Continued.)

From Headquarters.

"What an ass you are, to be sure."

"High compliment, this coming from headquarters."

More Sudden Than Agreeable.



He—Just to think, Evangeline. Only three short weeks and we shall be united forever.

But they were not quite prepared for such a sudden union as the next breaker brought them.—*Judge.*

A Premature Reformer.

A rough looking man, wearing a big slouch hat, was seated opposite to a clerical-looking gentleman in a car on a Kansas railroad.

"Do I understand you to say to the conductor a while ago that you were from Arizona?" asked the clerical-looking passenger.

"Yes, stranger, I'm from Tombstone, Arizony."

"I've heard that there is a great deal of lawlessness there; that they hang a man almost every day."

"They don't hang a man reglar every day, but I reckon it will average that. Some weeks they don't hang a man for two or three days, but the next week they may hang five or six. It goes in streaks."

"Dear me, why don't your mayor stop it?"

"He can't well do it. You see he was elected on the law and order platform, and can't go back on it. Besides, he has a how ranch of his own, and the more hose thieves is hung the safer he feels about his property. He is sorter conservative, you see."

"Does not your city marshal make an effort to stop these lynchings?"

"Not much. You see he is in with the coroner, and gets a commission. The coroner gets ten dollars for every inquest. They are both getting rich and haughty."

"These outrages should be ventilated by the press. Why don't your local press speak out?"

"Stranger, you tech me on a sore spot. The press did speak onct and onct only. I suggested editorially a trial by jury in murder cases, and my press and type are at the bottom of Dead Man's Creek, and I am a fugitive from justice. I was the editor of the *Arizona Weekly Hooter and People's Palladium.* I was chased seventeen miles, and thar is a standing reward for my scalp offered by the Governor of Arizona. In about ten years from now trial by jury may become popular, but the people out thar ain't ripe yet for startling innovashuns and premature reformers of my type. Get off here, do you? Well, here's my keard. If you hear of a newspaper needin' a premature reform journalist jest drop a postal to that address."

Journalistic Note.

Exchange Fiend—Whenever you want my advice, don't hesitate to ask for it.

Editor—Thanks; I would like some advice just now.

All right; I shall only be too happy.

Can you tell me how in the world I can induce you to leave without hurting your feelings?

Overheard at Coney Island.

"There is one thing about ladies swimming."

"What's that?"

"They can't put on any side saddle style when they go in swimming. They must kick out like a man or get drowned."

An Indignant Widow.

Friend—You seem to be excited, Mrs. Jones.

Widow—I am excited. I have been grossly insulted.

What is the matter?

Well, just think of the impudence of young Jinks. Yesterday I buried my husband, and this morning he came and proposed to me.

You showed him the door?

Of course I did, and I gave him to understand that he was not to show his face in this house again for at least a week.

Was He Happy Then?

Von Baboony (dropping on one knee, ardently)—Ah, dear Miss Violet, might I but dare to cherish the hope that my profession of love may some day win a smile from your lips, I would indeed be the happiest of men!

She (obdurately, behind her fan)—Rise, rise, Mr. Von Baboony! It is impossible to listen to you without smiling.

How Did He Know?

"Please, sir, give a few cents to a poor blind man."

"Are you entirely blind?"

"Yes, sir."

"Haven't got anything for you to-day."

"I suppose you think because you wear tight pants and have got your hair parted in the middle, that you are somebody. You look like that man who was hung in Washington county last week, you long-legged, red-headed galoot!"

No Hero Worth a Cent.

Mickey—Did Pizen Jake, the Count of Bilgewater in disguise, carry der lovely dorter of der trapper up der precerpices?

Stubby (who is reading a dime novel)—Naw, he left her wid der Injuns an' went after help.

Mickey (looking sick)—He did? He was er good 'un, he was! I'd er sunashed der two chiefs an' dere follerers an' took der lovely maiden in me arms an' carried her up der canyoon on der run! Trow the book in der gutter, Stubby; it must be dis 'ere Sunday school guff.

No Money in It.

Teacher—How much does five dollars, put out at two and one-half per cent. per annum, amount to in three years?

Mose Schaunburg, *Jr.*—Not enough to make it worth vile. Der vas no boodles in dot dransacshun.

A Compliment.

Funny man (who has been imitating animals)—Well, what do you think of my proficiency?

Jinks—You can't fool me.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that braying like a donkey. There was no imitation about that. That was the real article."

The Peach Crop.

Wife—Peaches seem to be scarce again this season.

Husband—Yes, the speculators are "bearing" the Delaware peach crop.

"Speculators bearing the peach crop! What are the trees doing?"

At Coney Island.

He—Do you see that peculiar cloud in the horizon?

She—I don't know which one you mean.

"I mean that one that looks like a dog."

"O yes, I see it now. It's a regular sky terrier."

About Club Men.

New Yorker- Club life is becoming very popular in New York. There are not less than forty thousand club men in the city.

Stranger- Forty thousand Club men? Great Scott! What do you do with such a lot of policemen?

Could Afford to Give Out the Sewing.

A graduate of Girton some years ago married and went to her husband's home, where it was suggested by some friendly relative that she should make John some shirts. The first shirt was unsatisfactory, and indeed the sewing was picked out three times. When, however, a week later, the young bride showed a cheque of $60 for a magazine story she had written, and in another week a cheque for $80, the wise aunties meekly and generously acknowledged at once: "Yes, Mary, perhaps it will be as well for you to give out the sewing."

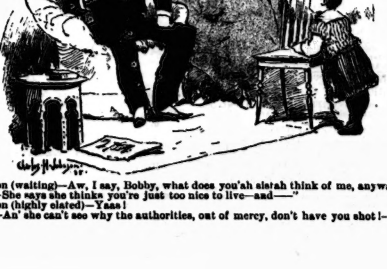
A Morning Call.

Tubbley (bashfully, and removing his hat apologetically)—Is Miss Tremmer in!

Maid—She is, but she's engaged.

Tubbley (who settled things last night)—I know it—I'm the young man.

A Humane Opinion.



Algernon (waiting)—Aw, I say, Bobby, what does you'ah sistah think of me, anyway!

Bobby—She says she thinks you're just too nice to live—and——

Algernon (highly elated)—Yaas!

Bobby—An' she can't see why the authorities, out of mercy, don't have you shot!—*Judge.*

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CHAPTER V.

On her way to her uncle's study to ask for the check for Hewetson's wages Molly met Brande loitering about the hall.

"You look busy," he said, advancing towards her as if he were glad to have someone to speak to. "What are you going to do? Will you come for a ride? I'm going into Carnarvon to see if Beaunish has finished the set of single harness. It will be warmer riding than driving."

"Yes, I'll come, if you won't start for half an hour," she answered.

"Then I'll order the horses at once. Don't be longer than half an hour, because I want to be back by luncheon time. Your mother will very likely drive over about Dudu's pups to-day, and I want to see him."

"By the way, Brande," called Molly, just before she reached her uncle's door, "I've something here for you. Mr. Williams' little boy brought this up from the post office," taking the slip of paper from her purse as she spoke. "He said that you were in such a hurry this morning that you forgot to wait for the receipt."

A quick, hot flush tinted Brande's cheeks as he took the paper from her. Muttering something about his stupidity, he turned away again with lowering brows and passed out at the door leading to the stable yard.

Molly stood for a moment wondering what all this annoyance and mystery meant, and entered letter midgit mean, and then knocked at her uncle's door.

There was an animated discussion on a question of drainage going on in the study between Mr. Tennant, his bailiff, and John Jones, the occupier of one of his largest farms; and Molly sat patiently in the chair her uncle pushed towards her, waiting for the first pause to present her petition.

"You know, Jones, I am anxious to do what is right and just for all of us," Griffiths Tennant was saying in a straightforward manner that carried conviction to his listeners. "You know how carefully I have to run and contrive to make the estate pay its way with the heavy mortgages there are upon it. Now, if I undertake the whole of this drainage scheme myself, another matter quite as important as this, and a thing that I have set my heart on, too, will have to stand over for another year. You know how willing I am to do the utmost that is in my power to increase the value of the property—more even for my nephew's sake than my own—but I can't see my way to this outlay. You say it is absolutely necessary to your plan; then I say, Very well—meet me half-way; let half the ready money come from you, and I'll squeeze out the other half. Think it over a little. Well, Molly child, what do you want? A check? The usual cry!"

"But this is such a little one, uncle—only twelve pounds seven."

"I wonder where my check book is?" he remarked *sotto voce*, as he turned over the papers in the table drawer before him. "Oh, I remember—I put it into the bureau drawer when I was dressing last night! I had it in my pocket-book, I'm sure. Ring the bell and fetch it, dear. You'll find it in the top drawer of the bureau. Lock it up carefully again, Molly," he whispered smilingly—"your pearls are there, dear."

The girl ran up the stairs, jingling the keys as she went, and returned in about five minutes time with the check book in her hand, to find the three men still arguing warmly on the drainage question.

Mr. Tennant filled in, dated, and signed the check without looking at her once, and so did not notice the extraordinary change that had come over her since she had been out of the room.

She took the check to Mrs. Price and dressed for her ride with Brande almost without knowing what she was doing; and not until some time after they had started, when it occurred to her that he was unusually silent, did she rouse herself out of the stupefied state into which she had fallen.

"Let us have a sharp trot to circulate our blood, Brande," she cried suddenly; "we are both in the doldrums this morning. What is it that is oppressing us so? One would think we had both repented already of our last night's bargain."

Brande turned to her, looking bright enough then.

"Not that, Molly sweetheart!" he pleaded warmly. "Whatever happens or happens to us, I shall never repent of my share in that bargain—always believe that."

"Well, what is it that has smitten you into such resolute silence to-day? You look like a naughty boy who has had a good thrashing and can't forget it. Has uncle Griffiths been hard on you about that security business? Have you told him?"

"Not yet. He was in such good spirits about us last night that I could not bear to mar his happiness. Besides—" He stopped suddenly.

"Besides what, Brande?"

"Nothing; it was only a foolish thought." After a brief pause, he went on, with sudden shamefaced desperation, "I am always hoping against hope that something may happen to prevent my having to tell him at all."

"Oh!" said Molly; and there was silence again for a while. "But," she went on presently, "what is there that could possibly happen to prevent your having to tell him, Brande?"

The young man fidgeted nervously with his bridle, tormenting his lips the while, and then laughed, as if at his own folly, before he answered.

"Well, it is just possible that, if Brunton did any good, he might, in a spasm of honesty, remember the debt and send me the money. He used to be a decent fellow in the old days, Molly!"

"Is that your only hope, Brande?"

"The only one. What other should I have?"

"Then I'm afraid you must resign us your mind-to tell uncle, my poor boy. I'm sorry—awfully sorry—for both your sakes."

They rode along silently for a few minutes, and then Brande spoke, looking gloomily between his horse's ears.

"It's awfully rough on poor uncle Griffiths, more especially just now, because I know he is straining every nerve to pay off one of the largest mortgages next March. If he has to stump up this thousand for me, I will throw him all behind-hand again; and I'm not sure that Coed-y-bwchyn won't have to go.

"Oh, Brande!" cried Molly mournfully.

"The trees only, I mean, of course," he said; "but it would almost break his heart to see that wood cleared. Do you know, Molly, when I think of it, I feel as if I should be justified in doing anything—anything in the world that would save him this worry."

"What do you mean by 'anything in the world?'"

"Theft, embezzlement, swindling, forgery—anything," he cried excitedly, "that would spare his uncle this drain!"

"Why, Brande, what nonsense you're talking!" she said. "Of course it will be a wrench to find the money; for I heard Jones trying to coax him into draining the Aber meadows this morning, and uncle spoke of another scheme which would need all his ready money presently. It is not be this mortgage on Coed-y-bwchyn that you speak of. But do you think he would care to save the timber, or the whole estate, for the matter of that, at the expense of your honor or honesty? I'm ashamed of you for saying such things, even although I know you don't mean them—I am indeed!"

Brande drew a deep breath, and then he said flippantly:

"Right, ma'am. I won't give another thought to the confounded affair to-day. Now for that trot you spoke of some time ago."

While Brande was talking to the harness maker in the High street, Lady Du Quesne came driving along, and checked her chestnut ponies when she saw Molly.

"It is quite an event to see you in the town," she said, pleasantly. "Why don't you make that cousin of yours bring you in of New?"

"That is a very cruel way to put it, Lady Du Quesne," remarked Brande, guiding his horse round to the other side of her ladyship's miniature carriage to shake hands with her. "Molly never has to coax me to bring her out; it is I who have to coax her to come. But there will be an end to all that now. I have only to command, and she must obey."

"I's that really so, Miss Griffiths?" asked her ladyship, smiling good-naturedly at Molly's flushed cheeks. "Allow me to offer my congratulations to both of you. It is quite an ideal match, and one entirely after Mr. Tennant's heart, I think. By the bye, that reminds me—you will be the owner of the Bryn-mawr pearls now, won't you? I remember, when I threatened that I would murder Mr. Tennant the next time I got him inside my gates, and make a bargain with the next heir for them, he said they would be the property of Brande's wife. Are you inclined to sell them, my dear? I want them, or three like them, so very badly!"

Molly laughed and shook her head.

"I should not care to defy Queen Eleanor's prophecy so openly," she said. "When those pearls go from Bryn-mawr, we are to go with them, Lady Du Quesne."

"Ah, to be sure! I remember hearing something of the kind."

"All bosh and twaddle!" exclaimed Brande, with such sudden vehemence that the two women turned in astonishment towards him. "I mean," he added more quietly, "that no one believes such stuff as that in these days."

"At the same time," remarked Molly sturdily, "I should not care to be responsible for the departure of those pearls from the old home, though I am not generally superstitious."

Brande did not answer, except by suggesting that they should move on their horses at once.

"Oh, by-the-bye, Miss Griffiths," called out Lady Du Quesne, as she gathered up her reins; "I am going to give a dance on New Year's night, and I want you to strain a point and come! Your heaviest mourning will be over then, and I shall be so pleased to have you make your first appearance in the county with me."

Molly called back that she would think of it.

"She's a vulgar party!" observed Brande, as they moved off. "I dare say she thought she was doing you a very great honor by shouting out her invitation so that all the populace could hear it. And it is just like her too to jump at you about the pearls the moment she heard you were to be the mistress of Bryn mawr!"

"She is very good-natured," returned Molly, laughing; "and, as for manners, she is no worse than others. You are prejudiced because you know she stealthily calls a Birmingham button button-maker. I don't believe she is a bit more vulgar than the girls at Castle Gwynnant."

"Well, I know nothing of them. They are fast enough, in all conscience. I should not care to see you like either of them, Molly."

"I don't think you need be afraid of that, Brande," she answered gently. "I think that 'loud' way of theirs is the result of very high animal spirits, which I am not likely to be troubled with."

"No; bearing other people's burdens has crushed that out of you," he murmured, with a glance of half regretful admiration at her resolute face. "You know, Molly darling, I would not have you a hair's breadth different in any way, if I could; and yet I feel sorry enough when I think of the cruel training you must have gone through to make you as you are."

"How is that, Brande?"

"So much more thoughtful and sensible than most young women are at your age, you know—so self-contained, and able to fight all your own little difficulties single handed. I wish you would come to me with all your worries, instead of shutting them up in your own heart."

"I don't, Brande," she said gently, touched by the tenderness of his manner. "I have no worries now, dear, except what concerns you."

"Why, what is there that concerns me intimately. No sooner have you got rid of your old bother than I must burden you with mine! I could knock my head against a wall for having told you anything about that wretched money; but it is your own fault, Molly—you have a knack of coaxing people to talk of their troubles, and I don't know that we will be helping to bear the sorrows of other people as long as you live. It's so precious hard on you!" he went on. "The rest of your life should be all sunshine and roses, to make up for the anxieties of your girlhood. Molly"—with a sudden movement towards her—"if it really lies in a man's power to make a woman's life happy, the rest of yours shall be truly so, dear."

"Thank you, Brande," she replied. "I know you mean it. We will both do the very best we can for each other;" and they clasped hands, and looked affectionately into each other's faces.

When they turned in at the Bryn-mawr gates, they saw their uncle Griffiths pacing round the low walled paved court-yard in front of the house, with half a dozen dogs gambolling round his heels for company. He turned at the sound of hoofs, and waited at the porch steps to help Molly down.

"Just in time!" he said, looking at his watch. "You'll have to lunch in your habit, for I'm too hungry to wait. There goes the gong! Tuck up the reins and send the horses to the stables by themselves, Brande. Such a joke, Molly!" he went on, as he put his arm round the girl's waist and bore her off to the dining-room. "I had a letter from Kenwald by the midday post, making an appointment to see me on most important business to-morrow morning. Can't you guess what his business is?"

"Who is he, uncle?"

"Why the jeweler from Carnarvon! I can guess what his errand is as well as if he had stated it in so many words. He is going to make another offer from Lady Du Quesne for those pearls of yours. But he'll not get them! I stopped such a proceeding when I put the check. "The Bryn-mawr brides have always worn 'Queen Nell's blessing' on their wedding-day, and I'm not the man to break through the rule for forty Mr. Kenswalds or a hundred Lady Du Quesnes!"

"Have you written and told him not to come, uncle?"

"No; as he has made the appointment, I thought I would utilise it. He can take the pearls back with him to reset them for you."

"To-morrow?" asked Molly, looking startled.

"Yes—to-morrow," he answered gally. "Oh, I'm going to have no dilly-dallying over this wedding. I can tell you! You must be married early in the spring, as soon as the hunting is over. What do you say, Brande?" he continued, turning to his nephew, as Brande entered the room. "How will a wedding on the last day of March suit you—eh?"

"It will have to suit if it can't be managed earlier," said Brande, with a glance at Molly—which answer sent his uncle off into shouts of laughter.

"Where is Hewetson?" asked the master of the house presently of the maid-servant who was filling his glass.

"He is gone, sir," answered the girl; "he went the moment his wages were paid. He got a barrow from one of the gardeners and took his things himself."

"He seems to have been in a great hurry," said Mr. Tennant; "he might have said good morning."

Perhaps Mrs. Price objected to his seeing you, uncle," put in Molly softly; "they were not good friends, and they had a little disagreement this morning."

"Ah, it will be some time before we replace old Evans!" sighed Mr. Tennant regretfully, as he returned to his cutlet.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Kenswald, the jeweler, arrived at about half-past twelve the next morning, having driven over from Carnarvon in his own dogcart.

Griffiths Tennant had finished his morning's business some time before this, and is was an unpleasant, raw kind of morning, and he had not yet thrown off his cold, he had allowed his niece to coax him into one of the great chairs in front of the library fire for what he had called an hour's skulk, instead of going off with the bailiff and Brande to inspect the Aber meadows.

When Molly had settled her uncle comfortably, she installed herself in the opposite chair, and pulled one of the small round tables between them, with a goodly supply of papers and periodicals; and that was how Mr. Kenswald found them when he was announced.

The floor, walls, ceiling, and book-cases of the room were all of black oak; but five long glass doors, opening on to half an acre of strawberry beds that sloped down from that side of the house, gave plenty of light; and the bright crimson hangings which draped these windows, the numerous colored rugs on the floor, and the red Utrecht velvet with which all the lounging chairs were upholstered prevented any approach to sombreness in the general effect. Then there was Griffiths Tennant's handsome face beaming across at the jeweler, and lastly, there was Molly Griffiths, with her masses of ruddy tinted hair, her clear healthy-looking skin, her steadfast gray eyes, her superbly moulded figure, and her quiet, gracious manner as she rose and made space for Mr. Kenswald to draw near to the roaring fire.

"Very cold driving, I expect!" said Mr. Tennant, as he laid his freshly-cut magazine upon the table at his side. "I should have pished the business that brought me out driving on such a morning as this at Jericho, if I had been in your place, Mr. Kenswald."

"It is cold," returned the jeweler; "but this business I wanted to see you about could not wait;" and here he glanced meaningly at Molly.

"You can say anything before my niece," said Mr. Tennant in answer to the new-comer's glance.

At this the jeweler cleared his throat, and said—

"It is about those pearls of yours again, Mr. Tennant."

The owner of the precious studs broke out into a hearty laugh.

"Molly, didn't I tell you, Molly?" he cried; and Molly smiled back at him.

"Has some one been beforehand with me then?" asked the jeweler, feeling himself suddenly at a disadvantage.

"No; no one has been here about them except yourself," returned Mr. Tennant. "I apologise for interrupting you, but it was a little joke between Miss Griffiths and me. Pray go on!"

"You see, Lady Du Quesne came to me again one day last week, Mr. Tennant, to ask me if I had been making any efforts lately to match her pearls for the points of the antique necklace, that Mr. Simcox, the Royal Academy, designed for her. It's the shape that is the trouble. They don't find pearls like those more than once in a century, and that is why it is so difficult to get any of that size to correspond with the six she has already. It seems her ladyship is giving a big ball on New Year's night, and she has set her heart on getting this necklace finished to wear. She has increased her bid by two hundred pounds, Mr. Tennant. She told me that she was willing to pay four hundred pounds if the jewels were thoroughly satisfactory and were forthcoming in time to be set for this ball. She has sent up to half a dozen dealers in precious stones in London; and I thought perhaps one of them had already communicated with you on the matter."

"No," declared uncle Griffiths; "this is the first I have heard of it."

"Ah!" the jeweler ejaculated in a tone of satisfaction; and then he added very slowly, as if he were feeling his way carefully, "And I suppose the extra two hundred would not be likely to tempt you to—"

"Well, you see," interposed Mr. Tennant, as his visitor paused, "it is not altogether my affair now. The pearls are virtually the property of my niece. What do you say, Molly? Shall we make a deal?"

"You know you don't mean it, uncle!" exclaimed Molly, half indignant, and half laughing at her uncle for his shallow pretence. "As if an extra two hundred would tempt you to part with them!"

"I'm afraid it's no good, Mr. Kenswald," said Mr. Tennant quietly. "Her ladyship will have to do without." "Queen Nell's blessing!" "Well, there's one thing—I didn't expect any better luck," observed the jeweler. "I told Lady Du Quesne it was no good when she spoke to me about it. Still, as she made such a point of it, I was obliged to try."

"Of course," returned Mr. Tennant politely; "but you won't have your morning's drive for nothing. Now you are here, you may as well take the pearls back with you to reset for my niece's wear. Will you fetch them down, Molly, my dear?"

As Molly rose to obey her uncle's request, there was a certain air of reluctance in her manner; and, as he passed the keys across the table to her, this reluctance found expression in a question.

"Who put away the studs on Tuesday night, uncle?"

Mr. Tennant had to think for a moment before he could answer. He had dropped off to sleep so soon after asking Brande to lock up the pearls that he had forgotten all about the incident until Molly's question recalled it to his memory.

"Why, it was Brande!" he said at last. "I forgot all about them until I was in bed, so Brande locked them up for me."

Molly turned pale at this, but neither of the men noticed it, for her back was towards the light. She took the keys and left the room without further comment, but there was a strange look in her face, and her steps faltered as she went up the stairs and along the corridor to her uncle's dressing room. When she returned to the corridor, she still looked grave, and, as she approached the library, her pace became slower and slower. But, loiter as she would, she reached the room presently, and there a numbered pair of men, standing just inside the doorway, she made her dread announcement with a face as white and rigid as a marble stone—

"Uncle, I cannot find the studs!"

Her tone, even more than her words, drew Griffiths Tennant's attention to her instantly.

"My dear Molly," he cried, in genuine concern, "what is the matter? You look as if you were going to faint. What has happened to upset you so. Come and sit down."

The two men placed her in her chair again, and Mr. Tennant rang for some brandy; but she would not touch it when it came, for the faintness had passed away, and the moment the servant was out of the room she repeated the announcement.

"Uncle, I cannot find the studs!"—as she spoke, Brande entered the room, looking fresh and full of vigor after his five miles' brisk walk to the Aber meadows and back.

"Pooh, my dear—you have overlooked them!" said her uncle reassuringly. "You must not let an accident like this upset you, you foolish girl!"

As Brande, seeing by the men's anxious faces that something was wrong with Molly, crossed quickly towards her, his uncle turned to him and added—

"Here, Brande—take my keys, and go and fetch the pearl studs. You bid them, so you will know where to find them. This foolish girl has frightened herself about nothing; she declares they are not in the bureau drawer."

At this statement Brande put one hand to his throat with a swift, irrepressible movement.

"Why, Molly," he echoed, in a stupid, dazed manner—"you want the studs, and they are not in the bureau drawer?"

Molly, sitting with her head leaning on her hand, did not look at Brande again after she had seen him enter the room. The young man noted her averted face, and he again repeated his uncle's words in a terrified whisper, "Not in the bureau drawer?—then turned quickly and left the room.

Mr. Tennant went back to his chair and resumed his conversation quietly, his placid bearing doing more to calm Molly than any more direct means would have done.

"I should advise you to try Messrs. Flax & Muela in Wardour street," he said to Mr. Kenswald—"I know they go in for antique jewelry; you may might find some in stock. Go through Samuels in Panton street—they do a large Continental trade. In fact, I should think they are even more likely to be able to help you than the Wardour street people—they have a larger connection."

"I will try them both," replied Mr. Kenwald, entering the names in his notebook.

"There is a little German Jew in Cross street, Haymarket, too," continued the master of Bryn-mawr, "but I confess he has a name of. He is a dabbler in all kinds of things—a bill discounter, money lender, etc., and deals a good deal in jewelry like stones."

Molly, listening quietly, wondered for a moment where she had seen that address, "Cross street, Haymarket," lately, and she remembered that it was the place of refuge that it was the address on the receipt for the registered letter which Brande had walked into the village to post before breakfast on the previous morning. "Could that letter have been to this German Jew who deals a little in really fine stones?" she asked herself, miserably. "I dared not ask he would have inquired of her uncle whether the name he could not remember began with "Heffer"; but she felt they were connected in some which might explode at any moment, and she feared that she might unintentionally apply the match by an unguarded query. So she held her peace and waited with an inward tremor which she could not control for the shock that was to shatter the self-respect of the Tennants.

They did not hear Brande's returning footsteps, nor did they see him come in, for all three had their backs to the door; and the first knowledge they had of his presence was when he said in a tone of awe almost repeating Molly's words—

"I cannot find the studs, sir."

At this announcement Mr. Tennant awoke to the seriousness of the occasion.

"What do you mean?" he asked, rising and taking the keys from the young man's trembling hand. "What do you mean by you 'can't find' them? You put them there yourself, and they have been to the drawer since. They must be there!"

"Well, I did not search among the papers at the back of the drawer," replied Brande, in a hesitating way; "as if he were anxious to break the force of the blow to his uncle. "They may be there, but they are not where I put them the night before last."

"Where was that, Brande?"

"On your check-book in the front of the drawer."

Mr. Tennant turned to Molly.

"You fetched the check-book the next morning. Did you see the studs?"

"No, uncle," answered Molly.

"You didn't see a round, flat, blue morocco case lying on the top of the check book?" inquired Brande, very sharply.

And Molly again answered from behind her hand, "No."

"Pooh, nonsense, Molly!" exclaimed Brande impatiently. "You must have seen it. Try to remember."

"I should not have forgotten it if it had been there," she returned in a low monotonous voice, "because I looked for it when I went for the check-book, and I could not find it. I am certain it was not there."

"You may have overlooked them even now," said Mr. Tennant gently. "I will go up and turn out the drawer. The case may have got wedged in among the packets of my mother's letters at the back. Don't worry yourself unnecessarily, Brande, my boy. This sort of thing often happens, and to us outs a mare's nest in the end."

He laid a caressing hand upon his nephew's shoulder as he passed him on his way out of the room; and Brande flinched under it as if it were a red hot iron laid on his bare flesh, and moved away to one of the windows, where he stood looking out at the land-scape with unseeing eyes. Molly still sat with her aching head resting on her hand; and Mr. Kenswald, utterly unable to find a remark appropriate to the situation, snatched up Mr. Tennant's magazine and made a pretence of reading it.

So they waited in silence, listening intently for Mr. Tennant's returning footsteps, bound as if by iron bands in the restraint of an embarrassment which they found it impossible to shake off.

(To be Continued.)

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Husband—I should say so. Why, he asked me if I hadn't forgotten something.

"And did you "tip" him?"

"Yes, I told him to buy Elkwood for "place."

Oysters for Two.

Countryman (to waiter)—Give us some raw oysters, mister.

Waiter—Yes, sir; how many, sir?

Countryman (to wife)—What d'ye say, Maria

Wife—I guess we kin spile a can, John.

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The Irish Cricketers.

The visit of the Irish gentlemen, as far as Toronto is concerned, is drawing to a close. Their welcome has been a hearty one, their visit has been characterized by the keenest enjoyment, and their departure leaves us a pleasant memory of as sterling a lot of cricketers and good fellows as it has been our lot to meet. When these lines meet the eyes of our readers the great match will have been decided, whether for, or against our men, it is impossible to forecast with any degree of certainty. The odds at the hour of our going to press are certainly in favor of our visitors, but the supporters of home talent console themselves with the fact that it is generally the unexpected which happens in cricket.

Inappropriate Adjectives, etc.

We Canadians enjoy many a hearty laugh at the expense of the English 'Arries and Halfreds, whose honest vagaries of speech are amongst the stock jokes of our funny paragraphers. Let us enjoy the fun by all means, but let us at the same time exercise a care lest the tables be eventually turned upon ourselves. It is true that our much belauded public school system has preserved us from the exuberant use of the aspirate, which proves such a stumbling block to the English of the humbler classes.

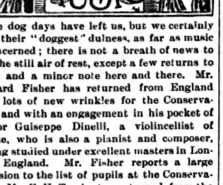
The excessive use of the aspirate, however, is not likely to render *us* absurd. Our danger lies in another direction, namely, the use, or rather the misuse, of adjectives. The man who admits that the roast beef is *lovely* and the apple pie perfectly *beautiful* is no worse than Miss Powderpuff, who confesses to having had an *elegant* time at the theater, or elsewhere, the other night. The word *horrid* denotes something terrible, shocking or offensive, but to be dubbed "*a horrid man*" by the fair sex is rather esteemed as a compliment nowadays. We speak of having had a *fearful* time with such and such a trouble, when the simple word *unpleasant* would have fully expressed the truth. The mis-use of adjectives being so common, further examples are unnecessary. But it is not our adjectives alone which bring us so close to the verge of ridicule. Whilst standing in a news-agent's store the other afternoon, a customer came in and said, "Have the evenin' papers *came* in yet?" A respectable looking citizen reproaches a friend thus, "Why didn't you call for me, if you'd 'a' called, I'd '*a' went*." Now, there is no excuse for this. The English laborer speaks bad English because he knows no better. Our people offend from sheer laziness and habit. They are early taught the rules of grammar, and pity it is they fail to give more satisfactory proofs of the training they have received.

The Lady's Man.

Every man has a certain niche in the tabernacle of life which he fills or should seek to fill to the best of his ability. Among the numerous array of niches is that which is occupied by the much abused lady's man. The latter is sneered at and condemned of men, for it is a singular fact that he who is most popular with the gentler portion of the community is seldom a favorite with those of his own sex. Nor is contemptuous allusion made to him by the men alone, for a number of the other sex find it difficult to sufficiently express their abhorrence of him who is known as a lady's man.

Now, whilst it is almost impossible to deny sympathy with some of the abuse showered so freely on these deserving shoulders, yet there is something still to be said in his behalf, and as no one has yet had the courage to champion his cause, it is only, perhaps, fair that an attempt should be made here to show that once more a certain nameless gentleman is not nearly so black as he is painted.

In the first place the lady's man is an essential in modern life. He is one of the social lubricators. Without his tact, his self-possession when under the fire of bright eyes and winsome faces, and his unfailing good temper, how many of our social affairs would be flat, stale and utterly unprofitable. Not that he possesses great mental gifts; indeed, as a matter of fact, he is generally innocent of even suspicion in this matter—but simply that he has the happy knack of being able to bring out those who have, and thereby giving every one else the benefit of the same. Who is so fertile as he in providing amusement when the weather is unpropitious? And where is his equal in resource to be found when the giver of the social picnic finds to her horror that the vinegar has formed a hopeless attachment to the custard, and the contents of the salt-cellar have shamefully usurped the sugar in the domestic tea-cup. There is not a hostess living who has not had reason to thank Providence for the outcome of the lady's man when dancing is on the cards. And how many "wall flowers" have blessed him in their hearts for that amiability which has spared them the agony of "sitting it out," when younger and fairer sisters are chasing the glowing hours with sprightly feet. As a rule he possesses the admirable quality of being attentive to the aged, and this negative virtue is surely his—he is never guilty of the *gaucheries* of some of his so-called manlier companions. And until some of these excellencies are more successfully imitated by the god-like young heroes of athleticism, we shall still prefer to pin a small portion of our faith and admiration on the much-abused Lady's Man.



The dog days have left us, but we certainly have their "doggest" dulness, as far as music is concerned; there is not a breath of news to stir the still air of rest, except a few returns to town and a minor note here and there. Mr. Edward Fisher has returned from England with lots of new wrinkles for the Conservatory, and with an engagement in his pocket of Signor Guiseppe Dinelli, a violincellist of repute, who is also a pianist and composer, having studied under excellent masters in London, England. Mr. Fisher reports a large accession to the list of pupils at the Conservatory. Mr. F. H. Torrington returned from the seaside on Tuesday, and may be seen any morning on Pembroke street, looking at the new College building. He was at Boston and at New York, hearing Seidl's big orchestra at the latter place, and pronouncing it magnificent.

•

Musical circles in Toronto have received a severe shock on hearing of the unexpected death of the wife of Dr. Wishart, after a short illness. In addition to being a most charming woman with a most earnest and engaging manner, Mrs. Wishart was a pianist of unusual excellence and of most scholarly attainments, having spent many years in Germany. A long study of music, largely directed by Mr. Anton Guenther, her uncle, had given her splendid pianistic resources, and regrets had often been expressed that she had not embraced professional life.

•

A little bird tells me that the pianist of the Philharmonic Society for the coming season is likely to be Miss Maggie Perry. If true, this will turn out to be an excellent choice, as the lady is an unusually good accompanist. The air is a little heavy with mutterings of great things that are to be done in music this year, and I think I can foretell concerts by the Musin Co., the Valda Co., the new Campanini Co., with possible operas by the Kellogg-Hauk Opera Combination. Our purely local concerts will probably be more active than last year.

METRONOME.

The Death-Cry.

For Saturday Night.

Moonless the skies, unlit the forest way,
Black hangs the night o'er northern Canada
Parting the silence comes the hoot of owls,
A stray fox barks—afar some strange cog howls,
In such forebodings crouches death—
A knife
Uplifted in the crisis of his strife
Has drunk vermilion draughts, its hostile blow
Has stilled the hostile blood of some dark foe,
Noiseless the victor thro' the midnight creeps
Toward the forest stream which silent sleeps—
Leans he low down where the snake-like flood
To tell his world that law is blood for blood,
Bold from his parted lips the death-cry leaps
Adown the waters, icky it sweeps,
Weird, strange and chilling, as fate-it of cries
That on the distant darkness floats—then dies,
The Mohawk listens! all is still as death,
Aye, death itself seems dead—once more that breath
Curdles the air with savage eloquence,
Vibrating thro' the forest black and dense,
One moment more of glow, ghost-like and drear,
Then the red warrior's catlike, listening ear
Catches a seeming echo—a reply
From miles adown the stream—his wild death-cry
Has floated with the waters, and 'tis passe!
From mouth to mouth, the deed is known at last.
Unnerved he hears the far off cerie wail,
Then turns to take again the midnight trail,
He parts the boughs—bends low his eagle plume
And merges in the depths of forest gloom.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Education of the Young.

As each step of a ladder is useful only when those below it have been firmly trodden, so each step in education depends for its success upon the previous steps having been well taken. Thus the very earliest years of school-life demand at least as much ability, judgment, experience, and clear-sightedness in the teacher as do any subsequent ones, if not more. To commit the little ones to any but competent and responsible hands is one of the most fatal errors that can be made in education. It is during these years that the strongest impressions are made and that the firmest and most lasting habits are formed.

Waiting for the Bugle.

We wait for the bugle; the night dews are cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is less in our ranks, there is frost in our hair,
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown,
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

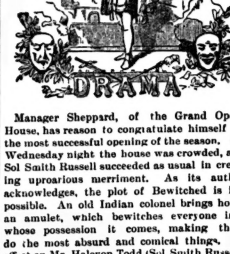
At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring
Like an arrow released from the strain of the string:
The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
To banish the chill of the dreary bivouac,
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may just be in our veins,
And no fiber of steel in our sinews remains;
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,
And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sear—
Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,
We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

An Instantaneous Mental Process.

The imaginative writer, like the inventor, performs his mental work by a less conscious effort than others, and by an instantaneous mental process. The ideas are evolved, or the principle of the machine is conceived, he knows not how. We do not mean that such ideas or inventions are arrived at easily, without previous study or thought, but that the vital idea comes to the writer or inventor instantaneously, and without conscious effort. Thackeray tells in his letters how he was in despair for a name for a novel he was writing. He had consulted friends to whom he read his manuscript, but they were unable to aid him; but one night he was suddenly aroused from sleep, and jumping out of bed he ran like one mad three times around his room, crying, "Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair!!"



Manager Sheppard, of the Grand Opera House, has reason to congratulate himself on the most successful opening of the season. On Wednesday night the house was crowded, and Sol Smith Russell succeeded as usual in creating uproarious merriment. As its author acknowledges, the plot of Bewitched is impossible. An old Indian colonel brings home an amulet, which bewitches everyone into whose possession it comes, making them do the most absurd and comical things. Its effect on Mr. Halcyon Todd (Sol Smith Russell) is particularly funny. He is a very staid young man studying for the church, but when bewitched there are no bounds to his uproarious vagaries. In this character Mr. Russell has every opportunity to show his versatility, and it is a very pleasant garment for him to put on. The support is good, but Mr. Russell is, after all, the whole performance. His new songs, among which are Never to Return, There it is, There it isn't, are excellent, while the two recitations he gave on Wednesday night, were most artistically done. I Hain't Got Nothin' to Say," and James Whitcombe Riley's 'Ticularly Jim.' He received a well merited recall for the last selection and made a funny little speech.

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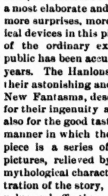
The Grand Opera House is looking its very best this season. Manager Sheppard has shown excellent taste in his decorations and it is to be hoped with the splendid bill he has prepared for his patrons that his opening night may be but an augury of a successful season.



Commencing next Monday evening and during the entire week, the Hanlons' New Fantasma will be presented at the Grand Opera House with entirely new scenery, costumes, effects, illusions and especially newly-invented mechanical transformations of the very latest devices. The Hanlons this season have spent seventeen thousand dollars on this production. Special new scenes will be shown, for instance the Grotto of the Magic Fountain, the Labyrinth of the Doomed, the Vulcan Volcano, the Skeleton Pass and the Great Deluge, in a most elaborate and attractive form. There are more surprises, more tricks, and more mechanical devices in this piece than would stock three of the ordinary extravaganzas such as the public has been accustomed to for the past few years. The Hanlons, who are responsible for their astonishing and pleasing devices used in New Fantasma, deserve not only great credit for their ingenuity and inventive powers, but also for the good taste which characterizes the manner in which the work is presented. The piece is a series of beautiful and attractive pictures, relieved by several of a gloomy and mythological character necessary to the illustration of the story, and the pictures grow in value and effectiveness until the final transformation scene. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to describe, in the necessarily limited space which can be allotted to this notice, the manner in which the New Fantasma will be presented this season.

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The Toronto Opera House billed the spectacular play Under the Gaslight for the whole of the week. A marked improvement has taken place in the acting of this company since their appearance here last April, a fact which was amply evidenced by the liberal applause which rewarded their efforts. Next week One of the Finest will be produced at the Toronto.

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Mr. Harry W. Rich, who, it will be remembered, was P. F. Baker's right hand man since the latter severed his connection with the Baker & Farron combination, is an old Toronto boy, and has been spending the holidays with his relatives here. He left town on Sunday last for Chicago, and will travel with Miss Mattie Vickers as her leading support in her new play of Jacquine.

STAGE NOTES.

Friend (to eminent barn-stormer)—How did you make out on your recent trip, Cholmondeley?

Eminent Barn-stormer—I played to poor business everywhere. I tell you, old man, Shakespeare is losing his grip these days.

It is asserted that Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, which is to be presented simultaneously in New York and London next October, will be a reasonable story naturally presented, with none of the topsy-turvy humor which has been the distinguishing feature of Mr. Gilbert's work heretofore. The Egyptian idea is said to have been abandoned, one at least of the two scenes being laid in the Tower of London.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal having ceased to own a theater of their own in London, may not be seen again on the stage in town for years. They are committed at present to a long tour in the country, at the commencement of which they will produce a new comedy by Mr. Pinero. The story goes that this play is as charming as The Squire. We may take it as almost certain that Mr. Bancroft will return to the stage, and undertake to fill a long series of engagements in England, and perhaps in America.

Frauleln Jenny Stubel is the Sarah Bernhardt of the Berlin stage. In all that is eccentric, extravagant and bad she resembles the famous French actress. She is noted more for her gorgeous gowns than for her dramatic talent, and in the millinery world she leads the Berlin fashion. Fans, bonnets, dresses *a la* Jenny Stubel are to be seen in every shop. She lives in fine style. Her apartments are luxuriously furnished, her carriage is perfect, and the but tons of her footman are of solid silver. She detests the critics.

Wit and Humor.

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

An exchange says that in Tennessee recently a rattlesnake was killed by a young woman eight feet long.

Jonas thinks that the term "grass" widows arises from the fact that their husbands are roving *blades*.

That most monstrous tyrant, Henry VIII., was so ardent a wooer that he married his wives first, and *axed* them afterwards.

A phrenologist says that "fulness under the eye denotes language." When the fulness is caused by another man's fist it denotes very bad language, generally.

"What is the difference between an attempted homicide and killing a pig? One is an assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to salt."

A gentleman observing that he had fallen asleep during a sermon preached by a bishop, a wag remarked "that it must have been Bishop the composer."

A Western paper winds up its description of a railroad accident thus: "One man had his arm broken, the flesh torn from both his legs, and a number of others slightly killed."

When yesterday I asked you, love,
One little word of "no,"
Your brother interrupted me;
So please say yes ter-day.

Germany produces the sharpest pointed needles, it is said, but the difference isn't so great that a man who sits down on one can distinguish it from a needle of English make.

If you put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first. Isn't it curious?

The cotton seed becomes cotton, the cotton becomes thread, the thread becomes a fabric, the fabric becomes a print, the print becomes a wrapper, and the wrapper becomes a beautiful woman.

Dentist (kindly)—Now, does that hurt? Patient—I don't mind your wrestling with the tooth so much, but if you will just take your sleeve button out of my right eye, I shall be obliged.

Mistress (to servant)—I want you to do your best to-day, Bridget, and have everything pat for to-night's dinner. Bridget—Shure an' oi will, mum, for it's Pat himself wat'll be here this blessed avenin'.

She—Why, Charley, how can you call Miss James plain? I wish I was half as good looking as she is. He—You are, Hattie, and you know it. (At last advices Hattie was endeavoring to decide whether she ought to be pleased or offended at the compliment.)

Little Johnny has been naughty, and has had to be sent from the table without having any dessert. For the last hour he has been sitting in a corner of the room crying. At last he thinks it time to stop. "Well, I hope you have done crying now?" says his mother. Johnny (in a passion)—"I haven't done. I'm only resting!"

Lord Cockburn, in his Circuit Journeys, tells of a shepherd at New Galloway with whom he had a "crack" being much offended on a slight put upon his river by asking him if it was the "Tarf?" "Tarf! dell a drap o' Tarf's in it. That's the black water o' Dee! The auncientest water in Scotland."

"And what are you going to be, my little man?" asked the minister, as he patted the boy on the head; "I am going to be a waiter, sir." "A waiter? Well, that is not a very lofty ambition. Let me ask you, my little man, why you are going to be a waiter?" Because, sir, I've heard papa say that all things come to him who waits."

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a tramcar the other day. "Have you ever tried rubbin his jints with barbaloin liniment, mum?" interrupted a beefy-looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of if he ain't got it too bad."

A parish church was recently being beautified by the insertion of a memorial stained glass window. The old beadle, who was a confirmed grumbler, looked for some time at the operation of the glaziers while inserting the window. The minister, seeing John thus intently gazing, turned to him and said, "Well, John, what is your opinion of our new window?" "Weel, sir," was the reply, "in my opinion they micht hae been contented wi' the glass as God made it."

Dr. Lawson of Selkirk, than whom there was not, perhaps in his day a more completely genuine, pious-minded, diligent, and faithful man, though remarkable for his absent-mindedness, was some times very ready with his answer. An impudent fop once dared to ask Dr. Lawson if he could tell him the color of the devil's wig. "Oh, man," said the divine, "ye maun be a puir tyke o' a servant to ha'e served a master sae lang an' no to ken the color o' his wig."

An old philosopher sat in his library. A beautiful maiden entered the room. "Great man," she said, "I have come to ask your advice. Two men have made me an offer of marriage." "Ah, and you do not know which one to accept," the philosopher replied. "You understand the situation. One of the men is handsome, rich, and is a literary genius." "And the other one?" "He is ugly, poor, and regarded as a fool." "My child," said the philosopher, "marry the fool, for, should you marry the genius, you would occupy the place of fool."

A jolly old sea captain had in his day buried no fewer than three wives in the Howff Cemetery, Dundee. The inscriptions, in loving memory of his three departed wives, ran out to such a length on the tombstone that the third reached to about the bottom. The captain meanwhile had married for the fourth time, and, meeting an acquaintance one day, this friend said to him: "Well, captain, you are looking hale and hearty to-day. Now, supposing it should chance that you outlive, as is not at all unlikely, your new spouse, how would you manage to add a fourth inscription to your already well-filled tombstone?" "Oh," said the captain, with a chuckle, and rubbing his hands together, "nae thing easier; I would simply put at the bottom o' the stane the letters 'P. T. O.,' an' hae plenty room for a gran' inscription on the back."

Taking the Safe Side.

Judge—Prisoner, if you were sober when arrested, why didn't you remonstrate with the officer!

Prisoner—Please, your Honor, I hadn't enough money with me to pay a fine and a surgeon's bill, too.

A Man of His Word.

"Promise me, John, that you will not get into any terrible railroad accidents, or be burned to death at a hotel. Promise me that, John, or my heart will break!"

John promised faithfully that he would not.

Made that Himself.

"Where did young Brown get his money, Papa!"

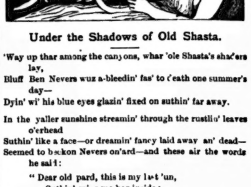
"From his uncle, old Sam Brown. He inherited everything he has in this world, except the final 'e' to his name."

On the Eturia.

Fitzaggy (in agony)—Steward! I say Steward!

Steward (from below)—Comin' hup direckly, sir.

Fitzaggy—So—so's my dinner! Oh, Lord!



Under the Shadows of Old Shasta.

'Way up than where the canyons, wha' 'ole Shasta's sha'ers lay,
Huff Ben Nevers wuz a-bleedin' fas' to c'eath one summer's day—
Dyin' wi' his blue eyes glazin' fixed on suthin' far away.

In the yaller sunshine streamin' through the rustlin' leaves o'erhead
Suthin' like a face—or dreamin' fancy laid away an' dead—
Seemed to beckon Nevers on'ard—and these air the words he sa'd:

"Dear old pard, this is my last 'un,
Suthin' gries me har inside;
He who *done me* wuz a 'fa-t 'un,
But we'd better let him slide.
Thar, don't tarn yer head an' mutter
In that vengeful sort o' way—
Heavens! pardie, how this flutter
In my buzzum seems to stay.

"Jist a milk-an'-bread-an'-water,
Sortly sort o' toy chap
Knife! me wi' a two-inch quarter
Blade—in course 'twar my nishap.
I don't hold no grudge agin' him—
'Course his kards they wunt straight.
When you meet him, pard, don't pin him,
'Cause he never stopped to wait
Fur ole Nevers, *fifty-seven*
Wus my ticket an'—I say,
What's the end o'—hell or Heaven?
How this flutter makes me stray!
'Course you'll wanter go an' *do him*,
'Cause he made me peter out,
Wanter run yer *razee* through him—
Fifty-seven w'out doubt.

"Let the youngster live his life out.
I can ill afford to tell
You to foiler in this strife out
That'd lead you both to hell.
He wuz young, hot-headed, rasher
Than the common run o' boys—
I wuz ole an' sum'at brasher
Than experience emp'oys.
Now, then pardie—*see* the gleam'n'
Through the shaders o' the trees—
Lots o' forms an'—de-ish or dreamin'—
Down, old pardie, on yer knees.
Pray—for—me, for I—am dyi'—
Hark! that boomin'—*Fourth July—Fifty-seven*——" an' the sighin'
Winds they took the echoes by.

Down from out the gloomy shaders o' the canyons, an' the vall
Lyin' misty 'g'in' Ole Shasta whar the coyotes they trail—
Came a man at close o' eves w' his features sot an' pale.
An' thar wus a purpose in him p'intin' on'ard to the spot
Whar some lively Bacchanalians wuz a gamblin' for a pot;
An' he never stopped nor faltered till he reached the noisy lot.

Then his eyes they sa'ched about him till they rested on a face
Red w' drink an' hell an' passion an' w' horrors o' disgrace;
Then the mountain man came to 'aid, jerked the youngster from his place.

Jerked him from his place an' held him in a grip o' stiffest steel
By a fist o' bone an' muscle;—but the youngster didn't squeal.
He wuz made o' stuff like devils, si h as makes the angels 'peal.

An' the mountain-man he fastened on the gambler his two eyes
Blazin'-like wi' rage an' fury like the sun o' hottest skies;
But the youngster calmly asked him wi' a tone o' cool surprise:

"Humph! air you the ole man's pardner, he who fi h my lettle knife
At the early rise this mornin' when we 'gun the July strife?
Take yer grip off, I don't like it—more o' it air wu'th yer life."

"I'm the pardie o' Ben Nevers—whiter man thar couldn't be;
Say, you took him foul an'—*done him*, an' you gutter come wi' me—
All alone, us two—no *others*, for to face yer destiny.

"I'm a man o' few words, stranger; back ye'll come all safe an' sound
After we have laid Ben Nevers safely underneath the ground.
That I've sworn to—an' I'll keep it like a man whose soul is bound."

An' the two went up the mountain while the fireworks they spit
All the's million sparks behind 'em, an' the rockets rose and r'pit
Through the clouds an' shaders gayly leavin' trails behind to fit.

H'igher, higher whar the star-gleams seem to kiss the flash o' red
Blazin' 'bind the flyin' rockets trailin' through the clouds o'erhead—
Climbed the mountain-man an' gambler nigher to the ole man dead.

"Har we air, this is the cabin built by Ben's hands long ago,
Long afore sich Eastern dandies as yerself had any show
Buckin' 'g'in' the 'Forty-niners—boys what wasn't very slow.

"Don't be 'feered I ut step inside it—*I could kill you*, but I swore
In my heart I wouldn't harm you. Thar, go in an' shut the door,
Look upon yer victim stretched thar dead an' stiff upon the floor.

"See his hands so hard an' wrinkled, hard an' wrinkled diggin' gold,
Still upon his pulseless buzzum 'bove a heart that's dead an' cold;
Stony, stiff an' stark Ben Nevers, sun to sleep beneath the mold.

"An' I shaved him—how it changed him when I took from off his face
All the snarly beard a-growin' round his chin an' every place,
Changed him so you wouldn't know him from a diff'rent sort o' race—"

"God in heaven!" screamed the youngster as he fell upon the floor
Clost beside the dead man lyin'—'twas a face he'd seen before
Long ago when life was purer in the long gone days o' yore.

"Well, you take on for a gambler, who has done his man, I say,
In a mighty weakly manner, in a woman sort o' way;
Git up, youngster—ole Ben Nevers must be buried 'fore the day."

But the young sport lay thar grov'lin' clost ag'in' Ben Nevers side.
Twistin', tarnin', tremblin', sobbin', like a lettle babe he cried,
Till the mountain-man he shook him—then he ris w' eyes awide.

"Ye'r a white man, sir, I take it, *fifty-seven wuz his call*—"
"Then, Ben Nevers—you have met him—" "*wuz my father*, that is all."
An' the mountain-man he stepped back as the last red rockets fall.

H. S. KELLER.

An ethereal maiden, named Maude,
Was suspected of being a fraud;
Scarce a crumb was she able
To eat at the table—
But in the back pantry,—O Maude!

* * *

In the grand march of rowdyism the genial aldermen of Ontario are keeping up with the procession. True the credit of being pupils of Bacchus is theirs no longer, but on the other hand there is undoubted evidence of our City Papas being the faithful lovers of Mars.

* * *

It is also true that the laurels of rowdyism have somewhat departed from our own City Council during the past year, but the neighboring bailiwicks are well up to the front, with Stratford first, and Parkdale a close second. The standard bearers of Stratford are two gentlemen, one of whom, we are told, charged his companion in arms with having the time-honored tomahawk to grind. The sharpener of axes, with praiseworthy promptness immediately proceeded to classify his opponent as a liar of the first water. A halo of brimstone and profanity speedily encircled the worthy pair, and the first thing the spectators were permitted to see emerge therefrom, was the flashing of a water pitcher in the hands of one and the head of the other in chancery as the combatants sank beneath the Council table. Doubtless there are some people who will be absurd enough to decry such innocent pleasantries as this, but the Mayor and Council of Stratford must in all fairness be counted out from the society of such narrow-mindedness, for the fight was not interfered with until a couple of rounds had been fought and the combatants rendered incapable of further effort.

* * *

In no department of commercial life is competition more keen than in the efforts made by the ocean greyhounds to cut down the records of opposing lines. No sooner is the City of New York off the stocks with an anticipated capacity for crossing the Atlantic under six days than we are informed that the twin White Star flyers—the Majestic and the Olympic—are rapidly approaching completion, and no less an authority than Sir Edward Harland assures us that *their* time will be nearer five than six days.

* * *

The city politician, when stumping amongst the benighted agriculturists, is not always permitted to have things entirely his own way. The city-bred speaker is a smart man, but his country cousin also manages to put in some effective work occasionally.

* * *

Not many moons ago a well-known local politician was pegging away at the intellects of a barnful of the "backbone of our country," and the thermometer being away up in the eighties a glass and pitcher of water were requisitioned for his use. A copious draught inaugurated his long-winded utterances. A second, a third, and a fourth time was the pitcher replenished and as often emptied by the impassioned speaker. How many more would have shared the same fate will never be known, for the meeting at this point was convulsed by a wretched Irishman, who jumped on his chair and excitedly assured the meeting that "Divil a *whiskmill* did Oi iver see befoor run by *weather*." The orator has been called in by his party.

* * *

One would imagine that a man with a million dollars to his credit would have little temptation to indulge in heavy betting, but the career of Edgar Benzon is another lamentable proof to the contrary. Eighteen months ago this unhappy youth inherited a fortune of fifteen hundred thousand dollars, and to-day he lacks the wherewithal to buy a second-hand suit of clothes. It is the old, old story of a giddy youngster endeavoring to emulate the Waltons, the Whales, the Webberhuns, and other plungers of the turf, with cards thrown in to quicken the pace downwards.

* * *

One of the prettiest women in Paris, and certainly the most admired by the *boulevardiers* is Marie Colombier, the horse-whipped rival of the Bernhardt. Many readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will remember the sensational attack made on the famous *tragedienne* by the authoress of Sarah Barnum. It was scandalous in tone, and by some, although I fail to see it, deemed outrageously clever. A well known Parisian journalist was generally credited with being the real author, although Marie Colombier's name was on the title page. Marie is now one of the literary lights of French Bohemia, and the book season would be hardly deemed complete without a volume from her pen, or rather the pen which she directs. Zola is being pitched into sufficiently, goodness knows, but Emile is sweet milk for infants compared with some of the authors belonging to the school in which Colombier has taken her degree. Zola claims to be a realist, and may certainly maintain that the scenes he depicts are true to nature, and the passions which he analyses are human passions. But Marie Colombier's school deals with scenes and characters, the like of which are not to be found in the heavens above, nor on the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth. These authors must find their subjects in the mental remorse which follows the consumption of absinthe and sweet champagne. As a youngster, I remember parents and guardians holding up their hands in horror at the mere mention of that posthumous son of a Dutch banker—Paul de Kock—but, compared with some of these writers, the author of *Une Nuit au Chateau* was an innocent humorist. Colombier's last year's book, The Prettiest Girl in Paris, was an eye opener, but her latest story, *Court et Bonne*, will require a special education in morals before the reader will be in a position to appreciate its subtle deviltries.

ST. GEORGE.

Our Summer Resorts and the Society of Women.

For Saturday Night.

The journalist, professional or business man, or devotee of society who, snatching a week or two from the round of toil or of intermittent idleness in the city, betakes himself to one or other of the many summer resorts, will find a ready solution of the far from difficult problem why it is that Toronto is empty and dull in summer. It is said that within a hundred miles are close upon two hundred notable summer resorts, which annually attract large numbers of the citizens, principally of Hamilton and Toronto; while considerable contingents from those and other neighboring cities find their way to Europe, to the watering-places on the St. Lawrence, to those on the Atlantic coast, and to the newer resorts across the continent, by the Rockies and the Pacific. The extent of this summer exodus may be realized when it is known that the Muskoka lakes alone have this season absorbed some two thousand people, chiefly from Hamilton and Toronto, with a more or less delightful contingent from the other side of the line. This miscellaneous collection of humanity is scattered over the lakes, not only at the hotels and summer cottages, but on the many attractive islands where campers most delight to congregate. Here one may meet not only the face of all faces in the world most dear to the love-smitten heart of the town habitue, but the faces and forms, also, of many citizens, who seem an integral part of the streets we daily traverse, and of the houses we frequent in the city. In the hotels are chiefly to be met with the women and children: on the islands chiefly men and holiday-loving youth. Of those in the hotels we come upon a few who seek, even in their holidays, an intensification of the excitements in which they are wont to indulge at home; and here they are in their fussy and noisy element, disturbing the repose of those who would fain find rest and refreshment in the quiet solitude of the lakes. By a strange perversion of nature, these restless people endeavor to keep up to fever-heat the distractions which seem so necessary to their existence, and from which we, at any rate, had hoped for a time to escape. For the most part, happily however, a state of sanity prevails, and those we meet with are, like ourselves, only too anxious to be quiet and to woo the placid, restful influences of the time and place.

In sharp contrast to those uneasy spirits of both sexes, whose exuberant vitality we have referred to as a disturbing factor in the otherwise restful surroundings of the lakes, are the reposeful figures of not a few who come to Muskoka to be rid for a while of the city's din and the exacting demands of social life. Among those sensible people a very large proportion are woman; and chief among these, again, are the many charming matrons who, with a sprinkling of pretty, youthful brides, form that most pleasing and delightful harmonious picture to be constantly seen in any of the summer resorts of Muskoka. In giving the place of honor to the married women, we are, of course, not insensible to the charms of our Canadian young womanhood, round the fair necks of not a few of whom, had we the gift of eloquence, we would figuratively hang garlands of literary pearls of great price. Shall we be telling tales if we confess that through a fortnight's gloom, following our return to the city, the memory of one at least of the most lovely of these maidens still haunts us with unchilled and unchecked delight? This fair vision of loveliness we caught sight of on the Muskoka wharf, and instantly "the light of other days" kindled in our old, faded eyes as we gazed with reverent admiration upon the shapely figure and finely-poised head before us; while we thought how continuous and intense must be the pleasure to look forever on that smile-lit countenance, which for a moment beamed upon us, were we happy enough to possess an interest in the heart that spoke in every feature of that divine face the unmistakable language of love.

Need we say, however, that we have other and equally pleasant recollections of our country's fair maidenhood, whom we found thronging the watering places of the district, and whose beauty vies with Nature, in her summer attire, in adding to the attractions of the lakes? There was the *ingenue* in white muslin, whom we met at Port Cockburn, with a wealth of rich auburn hair twisted in a tight coil under a pretty sailor hat, and whose smile was a mental and physical delirium. There was also the female divinity from Hamilton whom we saw at Beaumaris, whose soft cream and pink complexion and finely rounded ivory throat contrasted admirably with a well-fitting boating costume of blue flannel, and whose quiet manner and lady-like bearing bespoke gentle nurture and maiden innocence. Not only these, but a large and varied company of others met with, had their several attractions and competed successfully with their fair unmarried sisters of the neighboring Republic, numbers of whom pay the Muskoka lakes the compliment of a prolonged annual visit. Many of them we found pretty, and all of them were nice. But engaging, and sometimes irresistible, as is the unmarried element in the feminine crowds we meet, few, either old or young, will say, in their sober, reflective moments, that, after all, the married women are not the nicest. We give expression to this opinion deliberately. More than this, we hold it to be true; and were a plebiscite taken on the spot of masculine views on the subject, we believe that the result would be overwhelmingly in favor of our contention. Nor at the thought of this need there be a revolt of the young women, or any jealousy of the superior claims of their married sisters to men's homage and preferential attention. Put them also to the vote, and in the main you will find them in substantial agreement with our position, that, as a rule, *married women are the nicest.*

But here we must be careful to indicate, in some degree, what are the characteristics of married women we have specially in view, which make them so dear to both young and old of the opposite sex. We need hardly say that we have not those characteristics in mind which attract the frivolous man of the world or that odious type of humanity which, lacking reverence for the sex and that chivalrous tone and bearing which is the distinctive mark of true manhood, delights in all sorts of *liaisons*, and finds a sinister pleasure in marring the reputation and compromising the character of a woman. Nor have we in mind, either, those other and questionable qualities sometimes seen in members of the gentler sex, which, setting feminine purity and delicacy at defiance, give encouragement to many men, both married and single, to overstep prudence and propriety, and even induce those who have vowed to forget their vows of fidelity. Fortunately such types of womanhood are rare, and in our Canadian society we should like to think them non-existent. Those (and those only we have met) we have in view are the married women who attract by that fine feminine quality of the sex, with which nature has almost everywhere endowed them, the inherent and almost universally manifested quality of womanliness. It is to this quality, with the thousand and one graces and attributes that belong to it, that men, before and above all, pay homage and show that deference which is well-nigh untranslatable in speech. This grace of womanliness is not an intellectual characteristic, nor is it a commonly acquired trait or disposition. It is a pure gift of nature, an inalienable endowment of the sex, which shows itself in a woman's tender heart, in her divinations and preferences, in her instincts, in her unerring tact and fine sensibilities, in her almost every thought and action or look and word, and in those myriad ways by which a woman finds unresisted access to the affections as well as to the intellectual sympathies of the sterner sex.

But besides this feminine and essentially human element in the composition of woman, there are other and social elements in her character that make the charm of intercourse and companionship with her, particularly if she has entered the marriage estate. These are, in the main, the resultant developments of education, of social surroundings and, above all, of experience in and observation of life. It is here where a married woman especially has the advantage over her unmarried sisters. Not only is it less difficult to break the crust of reserve, which properly hedges both married and single of the sex, and to be put more readily at one's ease in the first stages of acquaintance, but there are thousands of subjects of which one can more readily and, as a rule, more profitably talk with a married than with an unmarried woman, while, from her larger experience of the world, deeper insight into things and wider sympathies, the charm of intercourse is vastly increased and conversation is immeasurably enriched. All this is but to state a truism; but it is a truism which can, perhaps, be best realized when one, particularly if he be anything of a student of character, is thrown for several idle weeks or days among new female acquaintances and wishes to profit by the social study. It is to be said, however, that these are not always the conditions most favorable for making acquaintance or for getting at the real heart and mind of a clever woman of the world. Yet oftentimes they are precisely the conditions which accident will open to one for one's special advantage, just as a chance crossing the Atlantic will, perhaps, give one better opportunities for making and thoroughly knowing a friend of either sex than will years of stray or intermittent intercourse at home.

The length to which we have already drawn out this paper prevents us from pursuing the subject, and precludes our entering upon other and perhaps more interesting phases of it, which we had hoped here to reach, but which must be postponed for the present. One thought a wise close will close, which even a limited knowledge on our part of women, and of the general indifference to the fact that they are more worthy of study than most men will allow, impel us to make, and that is, that few men who are even the closest intimates of, or who hold the dearest relations, to women, really know them, or, in the main, have any adequate conception of the scope and richness of their mental and emotional life; of the unplumbed depths of their tender, womanly nature; of the heroisms and self-sacrifices of which they are capable and which they manifest almost daily in their lives, of their marvellous tact, instinct and prevision; or of their phenomenal faculty of reading character and divining human motive. These gifts and endowments, it need hardly be said, are not, as a rule, discovered by chance: neither are they always manifested in commonplace minds or in commonplace lives. They are, nevertheless, to be abundantly found; and he who seeks them with intelligence and tact, and with the good fortune of possessing the confidence, and, it may be, the interest, the sympathy, and the love of a woman, will be astonished at what he will discover in the sex, who are but too often either the dull drudges or the effeminate playthings of equally dull or effeminate men.

CERMER MADA.

Example.

People appear to think that, while good manners should be strenuously exacted from children, precept in this connection may stand instead of example, and that orders may be given them and remarks made upon them as if they were devoid of natural feelings and perceptions. As a matter of fact, if, when people want children to do something for them, they would ask it in the same way in which they would thank them for little services rendered, speak to them gently, answer their reasonable questions civily, and avoid unnecessary comments upon their appearance, they would have far less trouble in teaching them to behave with like consideration for others.

A Veteran.

"Yes, boys," said old Bellows, proudly beating his breast, "I've been a soldier in my time, and, if I do say it myself, like the war-horse of Scripture, I could ever scent the battle from afar."

"I s'pose," ventured young Paperwate, "that on very many occasions that saved your life!"

At Narragansett Pier.

French Maid—Ah, mais je suis desole! I cannot ze basing costume of madame anywhere find in ze trunks.

Mrs. Shapely—Did you look in my pocket-book, Marie? I may have put it there by mistake.

Thoughtful.

ACCOMMODATING INDIVIDUAL.—Don't disturb yourselves, friends. I come down here every day at the children cover me up—it's fun for 'em. Jest go right on wid yer love-makin'; I was young once, myself!—*Puck.*

Outrage on a Texas Journalist.

Col. Bill Snort, the editor of the Crosby County *Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator*, was seated at his desk engaged in molding public opinion with a long handled pair of shears, when Sam Benderly, a rising young lawyer, entered, and after mopping his excited brow, said:

"Bill, there's a chance for you to make your paper twice as popular as it is."

"How's that?"

"By going for our county clerk and just everlastingly bustin' him wide open."

What has Jack-on done?"

"Well, in the first place, he is no good, anyhow. When he ran for the office he promised to make me his deputy if I would corral the nigger vote for him. I worked day and night for him. Why, Bill, you know I brought over forty niggers from San Saba county and voted every mother's son of them three times for Jackson and that's what elected him. Now, he refuses to appoint me his deputy, as he promised. He has given the place to another man."

"Well, if I was in your place I wouldn't make any fuss about it," replied Col. Snort, soothingly.

"You wouldn't, eh?"

"No; you can't afford to raise a row, because you will get yourself into trouble for illegally voting those niggers who didn't live in this county. I'd sorter overlook it."

"All I've got to say is that he is a fraud; he hasn't got brains enough to go in out of the rain, and he is none too good to steal."

"Look here, Sam, you mustn't talk that way to me about the county clerk. I'm his political and personal friend. I supported him during the campaign, and I regard him as a high-toned gentleman. It was my paper that elected him. I can't abuse him in my paper now, but I'll tell you what to do. You go over to the Crosby County *Argus* and tell the editor all about it, and he will make it hot for the county clerk."

"No, he won't."

"How do you know he won't?"

"Because I've been to see the *Argus* man, and he says the county clerk is a gentleman from the word go, and that he is the most efficient clerk this county has ever had, and he will give him a column puff in to-morrow's *Argus*."

"You say the editor of the *Argus* is backing up the county clerk?"

"He is doing that very thing."

"Why the *Argus* has been abusing him during the campaign."

"Yes, I know; but now the campaign is over, the county clerk is going to give the *Argus* all the public printing."

Editor Snort bounded into the air as if stung by a centipede and howled,

"What!"

"I saw some of the copy of the public printing in the *Argus* office, being set up."

Col. Snort rushed to a speaking-tube and shrieked into it to the foreman:

"Kill my fool editorial puffing that blankety blank scoundrel, the new county clerk!"

Then he rushed back to his desk and began to write furiously, gritting his teeth and shaking his head from time to time.

"What's the matter?" asked the visitor.

"Matter!" howled Snort; "matter enough. The low-down, trifling whelp promised me the public printing for supporting him, and now the *Argus* has got it. O, but I'll make it hot for him!"

"If I was in your place I wouldn't make any fuss about it."

"You wouldn't, eh? Well, I would. I'll have his hide on the fence before next election. Why, confound it, man, he is a traitor to the party!"

"That's what I say. Go for him."

"Go for him!" echoed Snort; "I'll make him feel worse than Job when he had the boils. Just let me attend to that."

"Now you are shouting," replied the disappointed applicant for deputy county clerk, as he passed out and chuckled to himself.

Kalakaua and His Army.

The struggle between the people, or their representatives and their king, is one of the most venerable chestnuts in history. It began, we believe, with the first king, and it will only end with the last. Sometimes the king comes out on top, and sometimes the people. In the struggle many ancient kings went into exile or captivity, while Nebuchadnezzar, to adopt the simple but graphic style of a prize-ring reporter, was sent to grass. To descend to more recent days, Charles I. of England couldn't see why one man didn't constitute a majority when that man was himself, ruling by divine right, and lost his head in consequence, as did Louis XVI., who labored under a similar delusion. King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands has been repeating the ancient struggle in a mild way for several years now. The people haven't cut his head off yet, but they have cut off very many of his privileges, and recently—most unkindest cut of all—they cut down his army. If there be anything that a king does take pride in, aside from a new brass scepter and ermine trimming around his robe of state, it is his army. It is nice to feel that it is standing about in the vicinity of the palace ready to defend it when the police are off on their annual picnic. Ain't what royal breast does not swell with pride to have his army drawn up in review when a neighboring potentate comes to visit him. Formerly Kalakaua had an army of 400 men, which was quite a respectable showing. And he rejoiced in a formidable navy of one ship, with which to overawe the United States, which hadn't as much as that in good repair. Recently the Hawaiian people through their representatives in Legislature assembled, reduced their king's army to sixty-five men and a small but exceedingly warlike brass band, and abolished the navy altogether. This is a severer blow at the king than has been dealt recently, and other crowned heads are breathlessly waiting to see what Kalakaua is going to do about it.

The Man Who Watches for People to Fall Overboard.

It is a noble and commendable thing to save human life, and we sometimes wonder why doctors don't get into the way of doing it oftener than they do. To snatch an individual from a watery grave, for instance, when said individual would prefer a dry one, entitles the rescuer to thanks, and repeated efforts in that direction ought to be rewarded with a medal.

But the professional rescuer who hangs around wharves and steamboat landings perching for some one to tumble into the water in order that he may save him, gets more credit than he deserves, we are inclined to think. We are prone to ask, Is it pure love for humanity that prompts him to neglect his own business and loiter around the docks and river side? Doesn't a thirst for notoriety have something to do with it, and may not a person acquire a mania for making a Newfoundland dog of himself on every possible occasion?

We have observed that the rescuer keeps a very accurate account of the number of lives he has saved, and as the list increases he shows an increased eagerness to make it least by the record of any other man who has embarked in the business. We wouldn't say that the rescuer pushes anybody overboard so that he may plunge in and save him, but where two competitors are working the same wharf for the championship we wouldn't care to wander very close to the edge with one of them on the watch.

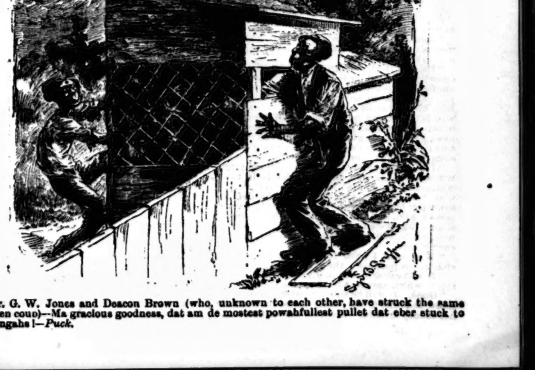
We can imagine a professional rescuer becoming more and more engrossed in the ruling idea of his existence as the years advance and his record grows. A day when nobody tumbles into the water becomes a melancholy one to him. I can imagine him petulantly wondering to himself why people are so all-killing careful of themselves. No use of it while he's around. He lacks only a few of an even hundred, when he would get his name in the newspapers and receive a medal, perhaps, but no one seems to think of that, he mutters. For a man to lose his balance ever so little in walking up a gang-plank would help him so much, but they won't do it. Not the least danger, either; only a little wetting.

"There is a child straying along the edge of the wharf," he says, preparing to jerk off his coat. "Haven't pulled out a child in some time—easy to handle and counts just as much as a man that weighs three hundred. Pshaw! that snooper there has pulled the child away. If there's anything I hate it's the man who interferes with another man's business."

All this may never occur, yet it is possible, too. Men do lots of things simply from a craving for notoriety. Hunger for fame impels some men to take life; why may it not induce other to try to save it?

Let no day glide into eternity without catching a glimpse of Heaven's sea.

"The Hidden Hand."



Mr. G. W. Jones and Deacon Brown (who, unknown to each other, have struck the same chicken coop)—Ma gracious goodness, dat am de mostest powahfullest pullet dat ober stuck to ma fingahs!—*Puck.*

Her Mother's Marriage

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"You spoke of Bickington last night, Diana. Is it a pretty place?" the earl asks, carelessly, as the young lady in one of her prettiest morning gowns sits on the stool in the great, lofty chamber which the invalid prefers.

"Very. The Hall is a glorious old place, and Mrs. Herbert as the owner's mother I called, although she married again after the death of her husband of that name—is very much attached to me. It is one of her projects to convert me into her daughter by marrying me to her son," Diana says, with a laugh and conscious blush.

"Indeed! So that is the charm of the old place, is it? And how about the young gentleman? Does he fall in, like a dutiful son, with his mother's plans?"

"Not exactly; yet I have no doubt he will in time," Diana rejoins, with a toss of her head. "He has been carrying on a flirtation with a village maiden; but his mother interfered, and, according to a letter which I have received this morning, he has come up to town—came up last night, in fact."

"Humph! That looks like furthering his mother's views, does it not?" the earl asks.

And Diana, glad to find that her stepfather seems interested, chatters a good deal about Keith Herbert, his home, neighbors, and "foolish flirtation" with his agent's niece.

"It is a great pity that the Connistons ever moved from Bagton to Bickington," she says, rising to give place to her mother, who has just entered the room: "and then he might have forgotten all about Addie Newton, whom, however, I believe he knew before her mother's death."

The earl has closed his eyes, and Diana thinks that he has fallen asleep in his chair. His face is in the shadow of the screen which stands about his chair, but he is very quiet.

"Come away, mamma, he is sleeping," she says, and signing to Penn, they go out together.

"Are you ill, my lord?" the servant asks, as he approaches to his master's side.

"I feel faint, Penn. Do not call anyone. Keep everyone away from me now."

The man knows his duty well; he prevails upon the earl to drink of some prepared mixture, and to lie down.

"Ask the countess to defer the visit until to-morrow. And now I want you to send a telegram for me to Roger Cunniston, Bickington," the invalid says, faintly. "Say I wish to see him at once on a matter of vital importance. Mention that I am ill, so as to hasten him."

The man does as directed, and the message is immediately despatched. No one, excepting a doctor, has admission to the earl's room all day, but he calms Penn to make it known that he is no worse than usual. When night comes he refuses to go to bed, declaring that sleep is out of the question, and the next day finds him looking wan and haggard.

"See that Mr. Cunniston is shown up here the moment he arrives," the earl orders, after Penn has made some alteration in his—the earl's—attire.

Earlier even than his lordship expects Mr. Cunniston arrives. Penn, according to previous instructions, leaves the two men together.

"I must thank you for coming to me so promptly, sir," the earl says, rising with what is, in him, singular deference to the man of business. "You may, perhaps, imagine that my plea of ill health was assumed, but my life hangs on a frail thread, and I wish to put my house in order before I go."

"I am sorry to see that you are so ill, but I trust that you exaggerate the evil. I must admit that I am at a loss to understand in what way I can serve your lordship," Mr. Cunniston says, quietly.

"I wish to speak to you of a very painful affair, Mr. Cunniston. I refer to the marriage of your sister, Addie Cunniston, with Horace Newton."

The lawyer starts as if he had been struck.

"I have no wish to excuse the cowardly act which wrecked her life," the earl goes on, in agitated tones. "I have sent for you for two reasons. The first one is to ask you if your sister is still alive."

"I do not know how you have become acquainted with those unhappy facts, Lord Crowley," Mr. Cunniston says, somewhat haughtily. "Since, however, you do know them, I have no objection to inform you that my unfortunate sister died a few months ago."

"Mr. Cunniston, I should not dare to say more, but I am a dying man. Moreover, though I must inevitably incur your scorn and that of all good men, I must tell you I am the man who married your sister—married her lawfully, for I had no wife at that time, my union with the present Lady Crowley—or rather with the present lady who bears that name—being of more recent date."

Mr. Cunniston's face is as white as that of the man who is making this strange revelation.

"Do not say anything that is not true," he says, huskily. "The day has been when I would have wrung your neck had I known you as Horace Newton; but if what you say is not false, for the sake of my poor niece, Addie, I will forbear."

"Do not grudge me my frail hold on life," the earl says, with a pitiful smile. "I have so much to do and such a fragment of time in which to do it. I swear to you that Addie Cunniston was my lawful wife, though I cannot wonder that you put no faith in any utterance of mine. That I deserted her, and that in the cruelest, basest manner you know; I did so from motives equally base—so as to secure the fortune, colossal almost, which the late earl left me on condition that I should marry Mrs. Wellsford. Without that money I could have been a poor man for an earl; with it, I have been one of the wealthiest nobles in England. I do not ask for your pardon. I cannot hope for it, but I think that you will pity even such a wretch as I am when I tell you that I have lived a life which no scavenger can envy, and am dying at the age of forty-five, completely worn out by incessant torture. And now I come to the second question. How can I best atone to the daughter whom I have never seen for the wrong I did to her mother?"

"You wish to acknowledge her?" Mr. Cunniston asks, looking wonderingly at the man who has been the cause of so much bitterness, and feeling how infinitely more pitiful is the case of the injurer than that of the injured.

"That is certainly my purpose, or why should I undergo the pain of confession? It—it would be asking too much of her to propose that she should come here; but I wish to take the necessary steps to prove that she is the child of my lawful wife, and to settle upon her a sum of money befitting that position."

"You are of course aware, my lord, what this means to the present Lady Crowley?" Mr. Cunniston asks.

"I am perfectly aware, not only that Lady Crowley must suffer in this matter, but that I am liable to prosecution for bigamy. I only ask you to forbear in any measure you may deem just, until I can be legally married to that lady, who is at present quite ignorant of the coming blow. If I may so far trespass on your kindness, I should be glad if you will see my own solicitor here at two o'clock. Have you any engagement between now and then?"

"I wish to see Mr. Herbert, of Bickington, whose estate agent I am, and who is in town waiting for his mother to join him so that they may travel abroad together. He has left his beautiful home to spare poor Addie the pain of seeing him, for, on hearing of the supposed shame that rested on her birth she refused to marry him, though they are much attached to each other."

"Will what I have told you cause him to change his purpose?" the earl asks, eagerly.

"It will cause Addie to give him a different reply, which amounts to the same thing."

"Good. It will be some satisfaction to me to know that she is not likely to be married for her money or title. Stay, let me write a line."

And in a somewhat unsteady hand, he writes—"*I, Horace Grantham Newton, fifteenth Earl of Crowley, hereby certify that Adelaide Cunniston was my true and lawful wife, and that her daughter known as Adelaide or Addie Newton is my legitimate child, the Lady Adela Newton.*"

After appending his signature, the earl says, faintly—

"That will help to convince her and her lover. Would you kindly touch the gong?"

Instantly Penn appears, and at the same moment Mr. Cunniston sees an awful change in the face of Lord Crowley.

"Good gracious! is he dying?" the lawyer cries.

"I hope not yet, sir; but this cannot go on much longer. He has been very excited about your coming, and nothing is worse than excitement in his case."

"Can I help you?" Mr. Cunniston asks.

"No, thank you; I always manage without assistance. His lordship is sensitive about calling anyone in to see him at his worst. I hope his business is finished, sir?"

"For the present—yes. I have to meet Mr. Herbert at two o'clock," Mr. Cunniston says, taking the hint to depart.

An hour later the Earl requests the Countess to see him.

"You must spare me a short time to-day," he says, pointing to a seat. "I have something important to say to you."

"Will you kindly be brief as you can, for I have promised Diana that I will call on Mr. Herbert this morning," the lady says, not without a glance of apprehension at Lord Crowley's altered face. "I am afraid you are not so well," she adds. "Does Spence see you regularly?"

"Yes, of course he does. He would not be likely to neglect me," the earl says, with the old curl of the lip. "As I said a moment ago, I have to speak to you on the matter of importance. It requires that I should refer to days gone by—to the period of our marriage, in fact."

"Yes?" her ladyship asks, anxiously. "What of that?"

"You will remember that when I told you of the late earl's wish that I should marry you, I hinted that there was a fatal obstacle to my doing so. Likewise you may be able to recollect the disappointment that my words caused you, for you wished to enjoy the position of wife to a man of wealth and title. Mind this, Emma, I am casting no reflection on you, and, so far as I was able, I tried to avert any evil from accruing to you. I told you that I could go through the form of marriage, and that in the eyes of the world you would be my wife; nevertheless, there was a barrier, which fact, however, was never likely to be known. I refrained from giving you any explanation, so that if at any future time you were called upon to speak on the subject you would be entirely ignorant. You understand why I acted so, and at your desire I settled the sum of twenty thousand pounds upon you, so that in case of any emergency you would be provided for."

"Why need you speak of this now," the lady asks, with an uneasy glance.

"Because, Emma, I am dying, and there are other claims stronger than yours which force themselves upon my notice now. The wife whom I cruelly deserted is dead now, so that I can at least make you some atonement by marrying you again. The world shall never know that you had any suspicion that all was not straightforward; but it must know that I had a wife, for I am determined to acknowledge my child."

"Lord Crowley, you will not do this thing!" the terror stricken woman cries. "You are not dying! Such an idea is ridiculous!"

"My only fear is that if I suffer myself to be excited I may not live to marry you legally. You had better restrain yourself for your own sake. I do not ask it for mine, for I have already taken steps to right my child."

"Your child cannot have so great a claim as mine," is the sullen reply.

"My child has never had one farthing of my money, for although, when I told her poor mother that I was a married man—for that was the lie by which I did myself her—I offered her half my fortune she refused it. She had friends, and I knew her grandmother would provide for her. So I have gone my way, and my poor wife, the real Countess of Crowley, left me unassailed, and died in obscurity, without knowing more of me than that I was connected with the Newtons of Crowley Castle. How can you say that her child has no claim upon me?"

"Do not excite yourself. I will not oppose you. Get a special license and let me feel secure."

And the beautiful, stately, but cold-hearted woman rises to leave his presence.

"Addie—Addie," the earl's pale lips murmur. "Oh! if in these last hours you were by my side."

He lies back exhausting, submitted without comment to Penn's ministrations until two o'clock, when as is again plunged into business by the arrivals of Mr. Cunniston and Mr. Hunt.

CHAPTER X.

Several days have passed away, and no one doubts now that the Earl of Crowley is dying. He has privately been through the marriage service once more, and the mistress of his house now locally rejoices in the title of Countess of Crowley.

He has been very liberal to her—poor, erring man!—and to her daughter, who does not know how much of her fortune she owes to the early schemes to obtain wealth and power. Both ladies are seated by the couch on which the dying man lies, for he has obstinately refused to take to his bed. He looks ill at ease, and starts nervously at every sound, and finally hints that he has no wish to detain them, as it must be about the usual dinner hour. Lady Crowley assures him that she is content to remain where she is, and Diana endorses the sentiment.

"I must tell you plainly that I fear you will be pained by remaining," he says, at length, "for I am expecting visitors."

"Even if that be the case I do not think you need dismiss us," the countess retorts.

"Emma, I think I have some slight claim to your consideration," her husband says, gravely. "For eighteen years I have neglected those who should have been my first care. My daughter is coming to see me to-night for the first and last time. You will not wish to intrude on such an occasion, I am sure."

Very ungraciously Lady Crowley leaves the room. Diana, whose curiosity to see the earl's daughter gets the better of her, remains where she can see all who enter the sick man's room. Half an hour later she rushes wildly into her mother's presence.

"This is too dreadful," she cries, seizing her mother's arm. "I have seen her, his daughter, and it is that wretched girl who has taken Keith Herbert from me. He is with her as well as her uncle, or I might have doubted the evidence of my senses."

Lady Crowley looks per'ectly aghast.

"Newton! Yes, of course, that is her name," she says, helplessly. "Dear Diana, you need think no more of Keith Herbert."

"No," the girl says, bitterly. "You took her mother's lover from her, now the daughter takes mine."

"You forget that Keith Herbert never was in any sense your lover, my dear," Lady Crowley rejoins in dismay, as Diana bursts into tears.

The interview in the earl's room is destined to be very brief. As his daughter, whose pity for him has made her forgetful of her mother's wrongs, approaches his couch, he looks at her with something like terror for a moment. Then a smile lights his face.

"I have prayed for this, Addie, my beloved," he whispers, "but I doubted Heaven's mercy. You have come from the grave to assure me of your forgiveness. See how weak and worn I am from remorse! You must see how changed I am!"

"He mistakes you for your mother, Addie," Mr. Cunniston whispers, seeing her bewildered look.

"Speak to me, Addie—let me have one word of forgiveness," the dying man entreats. "Ah! is it only a dream after all?"

"It is no dream that I am here," the girl says, bending to kiss him with quivering lips. "You sent for me, father, and I have come to you as my mother would do, if it were possible."

"Your mother! You are then my child! Ah! yes: I am weak, and you seemed to be my poor, wronged wife instead of her equally wronged child. Let me look at you. Did your mother ever speak of me?"

And, fully conscious now, he looks eagerly into the pitiful face of his daughter.

"Not often. I thought you were dead, for the mention of your name caused her to speak of you as lost. But you are found now, dear father, and if my mother can see us she will rejoice to see us together, for I know that she must have loved you very dearly."

"She did, child, more shame to me. How like her you are! Bring a light nearer. Who is that?" he asks, becoming for the first time aware of Keith Herbert's presence.

"Mr. Herbert. You wished him to come," Addie says, softly.

"Yes—yes! You are to be married soon? Oh! that the heaven I have not spoilt your life, child, as well as your mother's!"

"Stand back, Addie! Your father is going to have one of his bad turns," and Mr. Cunniston hastily summons the ever-watchful manservant. "Come away now, you shall see him again to-morrow."

But on the morrow when Lady Adela Newton enters that solemn chamber, she knows that the earl can no longer welcome her, and that when she last saw him, lying white and still, he was passing away from the bonds of earth.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Herbert knows how to comport herself in circumstances however trying, and she manages very cleverly to explain away all unpleasantness when she calls upon Lady Adela Newton at the hotel in which she is staying with Mrs. Geoffrey Ramsey.

The young lady herself only too readily accepts the proffered hand of friendship, and listens very attentively to all Mrs. Herbert's expressions of satisfaction and delight at being able to return to Bickington.

"Though, of course, my dear, when you are married I shall be no longer mistress," she adds, with a smile.

Whereupon they kiss each other in friendly fashion, and Mrs. Herbert goes away to circulate the report that her son Keith is engaged to Lady Adela Newton, "with whom he very romantically fell in love before he knew that she was an earl's daughter."

As Addie Newton, the young girl never returns to Bickington. After the funeral of her father she prefers to remain in town for a time having all her cousins in turn to keep her company. Then she comes Mr. Cunniston to take her and the twins to Paris for a few months, after which she returns to town to prepare for her wedding.

Among various items of news which reach her from Bickington is one that gratifies her exceedingly. It is that which tells her that the Proctors have sold their property and left the neighborhood.

Addie's tastes, being of a quiet order, would be pleased by having no demonstrations on the occasion of her marriage, but Mr. Herbert overrules her wishes in this respect, and although the wedding ceremony is performed in town, Bickington celebrates the event right royally. The home-coming of the bride and bridegroom is also a festive season in the neighborhood; and Keith Herbert's joy is complete when he sees his beautiful young wife welcomed with open arms by the county families.

"This is as it should be," he says, addressing Mr. Cunniston with a beaming face; "and I think there is no fear that our dear Addie will suffer any ill effect in the future from the strange and unhappy events which followed Her Mother's Marriage."

THE END.

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

Embarrassing.

Church Choir Soprano (who sings during the week in comic opera, to tenor)—I declare, Mr. Highsea, I'm mortified half to death! Do you know that while we were singing that anthem I forgot myself, and winked at that old bald-headed Deacon Heavywate, in the front pew.

Mr. Highsea—Too bad! The deacon will be indignant.

Soprano—No, he won't—that's the worst of it. He forgot himself, too, and made a reach for the pulpit flowers.

Scientific Problem.

If 30 degrees below zero is freezing point, what is squeezing point? Two in the shade.

A Gentle Hint.

Sheridan, being on a parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the other members were seated, and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said: "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?"

Not Lost, Then.

The servant of a naval commander, an Irishman, one day let a tea kettle drop into the sea, upon which he ran to his master: "Arrah, and plase your honor, can anything be said to be lost when you know where it is?"

"Certainly not," replied the officer.

"Why then, by my soul and St. Patrick, the tea-kettle is at the bottom of the sea."

Her Name for Them.

Bella's little sister was asked to describe Bella's lover by a friend of the family; she did very well till she came to the whiskers, and then she hesitated: "They're mouse kind of lovely meat whiskers, but it isn't beefsteak, and I can't think."

She had heard Bella say, "The mutton chop is so becoming to you, Algernon."

How Reconcile These Things?

Small boy—Say, pa! teacher said to-day, "study hard, boys, time flies."

Father—Very true, my son.

Small boy—Well, and a little while after he said, "time leaves foot-prints." Now, pa, how can "time" leave footprints if it flies?

Where is the Mother-in-Law.

This is a composite portrait of Mr. Washington Pye's daughter and his mother-in-law.—*Puck.*

Convenient.

Mrs. Werlfixt (showing Aunt Japonica the new ground-)—That is the lodge over there.

Aunt Japonica—How nice it must be to have it so near! The one your uncle belongs to is more 'n four miles from where we live, an' sometimes it takes him all night to get home.

Going Over.

Miss Perley: I think papa is doing splendidly, now, don't you, mamma?

Mrs. Perley: He is, my dear. Since we got him away from the horrid city, he is entirely temperate, and seems to take an interest in everything about him. It was only just now that I heard him ask the captain if he shouldn't help him splice the main brace.

Considerate.

"Giv' us a pull, won't you?"

"I would do it, Bill—You know I would, but I'm afraid it's too strong for you, and it'd stunt your growth."—*N. Y. Life.*

As it is Done in the Bowery.

Bowery Photographer (to agonized subject): Come, look pleasant, young feller; don't yer know dere's t'ree gents a-waitin' for me to get a hack at 'em?

Subject: But I—

Photographer: Soy, I ain't got no time ter fool wid yer. Dis ain't a Savoy racket. Now, den look pleasant, Cully, or I'll fetch yer one jest fer luck. Good enough! Next!

It Wouldn't Be Fair.

She was a girl from Holly, New Jersey, and she had a mouth which attracted general attention. As she leaned against the railing and watched the breakers she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh! James, but how grand! Seems as if I could open my mouth and take it all in!"

"But you won't, will you?" entreated a boy who stood by. "Ma and I have come 300 miles to see the ocean, and we don't want to lose it the very first day."

A Fellow-Feeling.

Mr. Skinflint Vanastorbilt (handing the waiter a halfpenny)—Here, my friend, is a slight compensation.

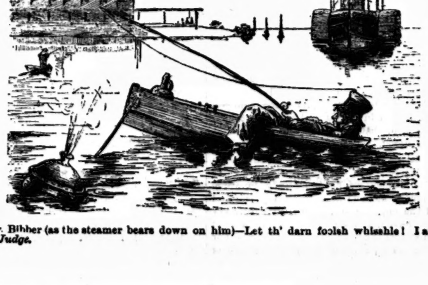
Waiter—Thanks, guv'nor, keep it. I was poor once myself.

Had Been Happy Once.

Wife (angrily)—I have never had a happy moment since I married you.

Husband (calmly)—I have—out of the house.

It Was the New Automatic Buoy.



Mr. Bibber (as the steamer bears down on him)—Let th' darn foolish whistle! I ain't no dog.—*Judge.*

A New Version of an Old Theme.

Near-Sighted Artist—"By Jove, there's a glorious subject, just wait till I sketch it—a beautiful amber and gold sunset with a white cloud slowly moving to the right. If I could get that on canvas as it should be, it would be worth a fortune." Farmer's Boy—"What yer talkin' about? That's my red headed sister settin' over there on a rock and the cloud is the old white horse a-eatin' grass."

Christian Science---How Applied.

Jack (entering)—'Hi diddle diddle—fe fi fo fum—'round the house and 'round the house.'

Nilo—What on earth is the matter, Jack? Are you crazy?

Jack—Not at all, my dear fellow. 'There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.' You see, I fancy—only fancy, mind—that I have a raging toothache—'O, blow ye winds'—and am trying to put my mind on to something else, don't you see? (Exit, quoting). 'There's no-ssuary; that's for a sensible man.' To be or not to be.' I pray you, love, remember.'

The Benefits of Cold Water.

The prohibition speaker had occupied a half hour while waiting for the principal orator of the evening, and had closed a long sentence with, "But I've no time. I have given you are but a few of those that could be given to show the benefits of cold water," when a telegram was put into his hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, after reading the telegram, "I regret to have to announce that Thumpy, who was to address you to-night, is detained eleven miles east of here by a wash-out."

Woman Like.

Miss St. Clare (from the West)—What is that bell ringing for?

Saltonwall (concisely)—Fog.

Miss St. Clare—I don't see why they have to ring a bell to tell that there's fog. Look at my bangs.

Decidedly a Distinction.

Miss Ada—Have you any vices, Mr. Smith?

Smith—None.

Miss A—But I hear you shot four men out in Arizona.

Smith—Quite true, Miss, but that was crime, not vice.

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TEMPLE OF FASHION,

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$9 PANTS REDUCED TO $5.

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Some of the advantages enjoyed by users of the Empress sewing machines compared with others: 1st. The Empress is more convenient to handle. 2nd. It is lighter running. 3rd. It does its work better. 4th. It is practically noiseless. 5th. It is cleaner and does not drop oil or soil the work. 6th. It will sew anything from silk to leather needles, but always goes the right way. 7th. The Empress is the only machine with a work-basket.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.

GENTLEMEN,—As a practical machinist I have much pleasure in recommending the "Empress" Sewing Machine. It is built on mechanical principles that are a guarantee of durability and accuracy and the arrangement of its parts make it the lightest running lock-stitch sewing machine I have seen. The machine I bought I can you a year ago is giving the best of satisfaction. Yours truly,

D. H. McKAY,
19 Gloucester street.

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WITCH HAZEL:

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

When Emelie Graham recovered consciousness it was only to experience such suffering as few people are called upon to endure in this life.

She knew that her husband and child were dead, and the blow was a doubly bitter one, because she had not known that her daughter was to accompany her father, he having intended to leave her in the care of a widowed sister, while he and his wife remained abroad.

The shock was more than she could endure, and for two months the lovely woman was illnigh unto death.

But for her mother she would have made no effort to live; her broken life, she said, would not be worth the living. Still for Mrs. Gerard's sake she struggled slowly back to health, for, aside from her daughter, the elder woman had not a relative in the world.

Mrs. Graham received every attention, and great interest and sympathy was manifested on account of her bereavement, for she had made many friends during her short sojourn in London.

Mrs. Ashleigh was like a dear sister to her, and insisted upon her remaining with her until she should be entirely recovered and able to travel.

Travel! Emelie Graham shuddered at the word.

Would she ever gather courage to again cross the ocean that had so cruelly robbed her of her all?

But it must be done. Her interests at home, the settlement of her husband's property, demanded her presence; but it was not until April that she could bring her mind to face the ordeal.

During this time Adrien Earlescourt had been a frequent visitor at Mrs. Ashleigh's. At first he had called simply to inquire for the stricken wife and mother, without even a thought of meeting her, and yet he felt an intense longing as time passed, to see her again and know her more intimately.

For four long months no one save the members of the household saw her; her grief was so overwhelming, her nervous system so deranged that she denied herself to all visitors.

One morning, during the last of March, she was sitting in the library engaged in writing to her lawyer in Chicago, relative to her return and some other necessary business, when a slight movement near her caused her to look up from her work.

Adrien Earlescourt was standing just inside the portiere that draped the archway between a reception room and the library.

He looked somewhat disconcerted as he met her glance of surprise, although his heart thrilled with delight at seeing her once more.

"I beg your pardon for intruding upon you," he said, advancing and bowing courteously. "I called to see Mrs. Ashleigh, and while waiting for her some other people came. I did not care to meet them, therefore I stepped in here until they should go. Just allow me to inquire regarding your health, and then I will retire."

His manner was so respectful, his voice so sympathetic, and his face so expressive of sorrow for her affliction, that Emelie Graham was deeply touched.

She arose and frankly extended her hand to him.

"Pray do not feel that you are intruding, Mr. Earlescourt," she said, the ghost of a smile flitting over her pale face. "I am very glad to meet you again; would you be seated until Mrs. Ashleigh is at liberty? I am sure she will be sorry to miss you."

He hesitated, glanced at her writing materials, and then at her.

"My letters are finished and only waiting to be sealed," she added, reading his thought; then resuming her chair, she indicated by a graceful gesture another for his use.

"Thanks;" he said, as he sat down very willingly, "and now tell me, are you fully recovered?"

"Physically, yes;" she replied, a sudden rush of tears bringing a slight flush to her brow, while her beautiful lips quivered painfully.

Strong man though he was, Adrien Earlescourt could have wept for her; there was something so pathetic in the way she strove to maintain her self-control; in the expression of her white, grief-worn face, and the attitude of her slender, black-robed figure.

"I am glad to hear even that," he returned, a grave sympathy for her sorrow in his tone. "Of course, I know it takes long for heart-wounds to heal. Believe me, your friends, and even others who have not the privilege of being regarded as such, have felt deeply for you in your dark hours."

Then as he saw the look of agony which his words called into her eyes, he changed the subject.

"Mrs. Ashleigh tells me that you are soon to return to America."

"Yes, we sail the 30th of April. Business of great importance recalls me. I would never go back otherwise."

Mr. Earlescourt's eyes brightened at this remark.

"Do you like England well enough to make it a permanent home?" he asked.

"I like England very, very much; but it is not home—I dread the ocean," and a shiver of horror ran over her at the thought of her approaching voyage.

"I can not think you need apprehend danger at the time you contemplate returning. The last of April will be a very favorable time to return," he remarked, encouragingly.

"True; but, oh, it is a cruel, cruel sea!" she said, passionately, while her white hands were locked in a painful clasp.

"Besides," she continued, after a moment, during which she mastered her emotion, "mamma and I will be obliged to return alone; the friends with whom we came over went back some time ago."

Adrien Earlescourt shot a quick, eager look at that quiet, ashen-hued face opposite him, while a peculiar expression flitted over his fine face; then he began talking upon other topics, and he was overjoyed to see a look of interest, and something even approaching pleasure, gradually take the place of that settled expression of sorrow that she had worn at his entrance.

They chatted nearly an hour, and were finally interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Ashleigh.

A few moments later, Mr. Earlescourt arose and made his adieus.

"What magic have you been using, Adrien?" Mrs. Ashleigh asked, as she followed him to the door. "I have not seen Emelie so much like herself since that dreadful night. Really, your call has worked wonders."

Mr. Earlescourt looked pleased.

"I have employed no magic, my friend; I have simply tried to make her forget herself," he said, quietly.

"Poor child! she is dreading her return more than I can tell you; she has a perfect horror of the ocean," said Mrs. Ashleigh.

"One cannot wonder, after her sad experience," Mr. Earlescourt remarked, while the same expression which Mrs. Graham's expressed dread had called up, flitted again over his face. "She sails the 30th of April, she tells me."

"Yes, and on the Persia. I cannot bear to have her go alone."

"Has she no friend who could come for her?"

"No; the loss of Mr. Graham leaves both Emilie and Mrs. Gerard entirely alone in the world."

"Poor child, indeed!" Adrien Earlescourt murmured, as he went down the steps of that stately mansion to his carriage, and was driven away to the House of Parliament. "Poor sorrow-stricken, world weary woman! will she ever be comforted, I wonder?"

CHAPTER V.

MRS. GRAHAM RETURNS TO AMERICA.

Mrs. Graham and her mother, Mrs. Gerard, embarked on the Persia, the 30th of April, in accordance with her promise, and no one can realize what that return to her native land meant to the former.

It meant going back to a desolate home, the luxury and elegance of which would seem but a mockery to her, now that it could no longer be shared with her dear ones. She could not be reconciled to it; the very thought of those lofty, empty silent rooms crushed her to the earth.

"Oh, mamma, I never can bear it!" she cried, as the shore of England receded from her view. "But for your sake I could almost wish myself a poor woman, and obliged to toil for my daily bread—anything to make me forget myself and ease my heart of its pain! Oh, my darlings, where are you? what are you—what is the mystery of your existence in the world beyond?"

The two women were standing by the vessel's side, their eyes upon the swiftly fading land, and a flood of sorrow surged up anew over the afflicted young wife, for she felt as if cut off from almost every friend.

"My dear Emelie, you are in a very rebellious mood," Mrs. Gerard gently returned. "It is true that a grievous hand has been laid upon you; but you still have some blessings to be thankful for. Do not turn them into curses. Use them for the good of others, if not for yourself. You have great wealth."

"Of what use is it to me, but to mock me in my misery, now that I have no one to lavish it upon," interrupted her daughter, with passionate bitterness.

"Instead of regarding it as a mockery, make it a blessing. Throw your heart and energies into some good work. You will find hundreds—yes, thousands of persons whose lot in life is far more desperate than yours; and I am afraid that the spirit in which you are indulging will bring you even greater sorrow and trial. But the mention of the boat is becoming disagreeable to me. I think I will go to my state-room for a while."

"No, do not come with me," she added, as Emelie turned to accompany her. "I only wish to lie down for a while, and if I need anything I will call the steward."

She moved away, and, with a heavy sigh, Mrs. Graham sank back to her former dejected attitude.

She gazed absently out over the sunlit waters, apparently oblivious of everything save her own sad thoughts, until some one who was passing halted near her.

She glanced up instinctively, started, then a light of recognition flashed into her eyes and a wan smile flitted over her face.

"Mr. Earlescourt!" she exclaimed, extending her black-gloved hand to him almost eagerly.

"Mrs. Graham!" he returned, with an answering smile, as he clasped it warmly, yet respectfully. "I do not need to assure you that this meeting gives me pleasure."

"A pleasure that is most heartily reciprocated," she responded, with a sigh of content and a flush that testified to the truth of her words. "How does it happen?" she continued, with a curious glance at him.

"I have had business calling me to America for a long time, and—I thought I could not find a better opportunity to attend to it than now," he replied, with a look and a smile that spoke volumes.

And, like a flash, her mind went back to that day, a month ago, when he had come so unexpectedly upon her in Mrs. Ashleigh's library, when she had told him of her dread of returning to America alone; and now she remembered the eager look that he had given her, and the peculiar expression that had crossed his face.

She was confident now that he had timed his trip to America in order to throw around her and her invalid mother the protection and comfort of his presence.

She had only met him three or four times. She would have regarded any other man as almost a stranger, and resented such an arrangement as an officious proceeding; but there was something about Adrien Earlescourt that proclaimed him a royal gentleman. He was so courteous, so innately noble—he had managed this matter so delicately and in such a spirit of true friendliness, that she could not fail to be grateful, and instantly all her burden of care, anxiety and dread dropped from her and she experienced a sense of protection and rest that was as delightful as it was unexpected.

Another circumstance that won her admiration was his truthfulness. Both his words and manner told her plainly that he had planned this trip hoping to be of service to her and her mother. He did not attempt to disguise the fact although it was so delicately intimated that he must preclude all chance of an offense.

"I am very glad," she said, simply; but her tone rather than her words told him how glad she was, and the man's great heart throbbed with a strange pleasure over the quietly spoken words.

They fell into an easy chat after that, until a stiff breeze began to blow and Mr. Earlescourt insisted upon finding his companion a sheltered nook where she would be more comfortable.

"Pain, even the motion of the vessel affect you disagreeably?" he asked, as he arranged her chair and then wrapped her robe about her to protect her from the keen air.

"Not at all. I am a good sailor: I am never sick," she replied; and again the man's heart thrilled as he looked forward to eight days of rare pleasure in the society of this beautiful woman.

And they proved to be days which neither of them ever forgot.

Mrs. Gerard was obliged to yield herself a martyr to sea sickness, and was confined to her berth during most of her passage, her only desire being "to be alone."

The weather was delightful all the way; the days were bright and sunny, and every morning, as soon as all Mrs. Gerard's needs had been provided for, found Emelie Graham on deck, cozily ensconced in some sheltered spot that Mr. Earlescourt had secured for her, where she would spend hours with some interesting book, or in chatting with her devoted cavalier; the chat almost invariably had the precedence, however.

Then there was the constitutional promenade on the upper deck after lunch, which Mr. Earlescourt insisted was necessary for health, and which was another enjoyable feature of the day.

When Mrs. Gerard was at last able to be brought on deck the gentleman devoted himself to her in a way that won her everlasting gratitude and her daughter's wondering admiration. He had told Emelie that he had no kindred—neither father nor mother, nor brothers nor sisters—and yet he was as tender and caretaking, as thoughtful and attentive, as if he had always been accustomed to wait upon women and invalids.

When they arrived in New York he took the entire care of their baggage, piloting it by those much dreaded ogres, the customs officers, and sending it on to the station from which they were to start for the West.

Their tickets were purchased, and every arrangement made, without the slightest care or anxiety on their part, and then Emelie Graham found herself growing very sorrowful as the hour drew near when they were to leave—when she must say farewell to the pleasant and helpful companion who had removed every possible care from her path during the last eight or ten days.

Mr. Earlescourt accompanied them to the station, saw them comfortably settled in the parlor car, and then sat down, as Emelie thought to chat until it was time to start.

The first bell rang; but he paid no heed to it, and was evidently not delay her last words of thanks any longer.

She turned to him with a smile that was tremulous in spite of her effort of self-control.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Earlescourt, for all your kindness and attention to us—two poor, lone women. I cannot half tell how in my heart, but truly I do appreciate them, and shall never forget them. Now I suppose we must say good-by or you will be carried off with us," she concluded, trying to speak lightly.

Mr. Earlescourt smiled.

"That is just what I intend shall happen. I am going to Chicago with you, Mrs. Graham—I have business there," he said, quiet y.

A look of gladness illuminated Emelie Graham's face at this intelligence, and she was thankful to have the train start just then, hoping that he would not see the flush that arose unbidden to her cheek.

But he did see it. He had purposely kept his plans to himself in order that he might learn at that last moment, if possible, whether his society was becoming irksome, or otherwise, to her.

The man's whole heart had gone out to her with all the strength of his natural manhood. She was lovely in person and character, and down in the secret depths of his soul he had resolved to win her for his wife, by and by, when time should have healed the wounds which her recent bereavement had made.

The journey to Chicago was but a pleasant supplement to the voyage. Emelie thought was happier, though unconsciously so, than she had been since her great affliction, and Mrs. Gerard took heart of grace as she saw it, believing that her much tried darling would yet come out of the furnace purified and ennobled.

But as the train neared the great Western city, such a fair woman recognized familiar landmarks, the cloud of grief began to settle over her again.

This coming back to find no loved ones awaiting her; the thought of the loneliness and desolateness reigning in the palatial mansion on Michigan avenue, where once no thought of death or sorrow had entered, was hard to bear, and her burden began to grow heavier than she could bear once more.

Adrien Earlescourt, quick to note every change in her, saw it and pitied her from the depths of his great heart.

He delicately left her to herself, feeling that this she could be better able to retain her self control, and directed his conversation to Mrs. Gerard.

Mrs. Graham had telegraphed from New York to her husband's lawyer, Mr. Tufts, a kind-hearted, conscientious old gentleman, when she should arrive, and they found him at the station awaiting them.

This meeting was a very trying one to Emelie, and she nearly broke down when the fatherly old man grasped both her hands in a tremulous pressure, saying in a quavering voice:

"My dear child, I am truly rejoiced to see you safe at home once more."

"Home!" cried the grief-stricken woman, in an agonized tone. "What will it be to me now? It is left unto me desolate. I cannot—I *will* not bear it!"

Tears dimmed the gentleman's mild eyes, but he tried to say cheerfully:

"You will find everything very comfortable and in excellent order, my dear Mrs. Graham. I have secured some experienced servants for you, and you will find Mrs. Tufts there to welcome you."

"Thank you; you are both very kind," Mrs. Graham replied, brokenly, and turned abruptly away, drawing down her heavy veil to shut the storm of grief which she could no longer control.

Mrs. Gerard presented Mr. Earlescourt to Mr. Tufts, and after a few moments of conversation their *compagnon de voyage* took a brief but friendly leave of the ladies.

He knew that this home-coming must be very sad, and it was better that they should go unattended save by their old friend and adviser.

"My headquarters will be the Sherman House," he said, in a low tone, as he shook hands with Mrs. Graham. "If I can serve you in any way I beg that you will send me word, while in a few days I will call upon you, if I may?"

"Yes, do come," was all she could say, as she stepped into the carriage and was driven away to her lovely home on Michigan avenue.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT OF THE FLAMES.

Adrien Earlescourt spent four weeks in Chicago.

He wished to become thoroughly acquainted with that great Western metropolis of which he had heard so much, which, too, he found it very difficult to break away from the companionship of the beautiful woman whom every day he was learning to love more fondly, and whose character more and more excited his reverence and respect.

After the first wild burst of grief which had this way when Emelie Graham again entered the beautiful home where she had spent five short, blissful years without a care or sorrow to mar their perfectness, she got herself resolutely to conquer all future outward manifestations, and devoted herself to her mother's comfort and the hospitable entertainment of the friend who had been so kind to her on her homeward voyage.

She accompanied Mr. Earlescourt to every point of interest which she thought he would appreciate, and exerted herself to the utmost to make his sojourn in her native city as pleasant as possible.

It did her good, too, for the excitement and constant change of scene made her forget herself, and every day she seemed to grow brighter and more charming.

When, at the end of four weeks, he told her that he must go, she did not hesitate to express her regret at his departure.

"It is not easy for me to say 'good-by' to you, Mr. Earlescourt," she said, frankly, and with a slight tremor in her voice. "I can never forget your goodness to me. I owe you a great deal, and I shall always regard you as one of my most valued friends."

Adrien Earlescourt's face paled a little at those last words.

"Would he never be more to her than a 'valued friend?" he asked himself.

"Thank you for the assurance," he managed to say, with his genial smile; "but you owe me nothing for what I have done—indeed, I feel that the obligation rests upon me rather, for pleasure that I have experienced in your and Mrs. Gerard's society, not to mention your chaperonage during my sojourn here, has more than counterbalanced my poor efforts for your comfort during our voyage."

"But," he continued, after a slight pause, while he watched the expression of her face closely, "this will not be my final parting with you. I propose to travel over the country during the summer months, and, with your permission, I will return to say a last adieu to you before sailing for England in the fall. I am going east, then south, after that still further west, and will stop in Chicago for a few days during the first or second week of October on my return."

Emelie Graham's beautiful dark eyes swept a look of real joy up at him at this information, and a delicate flush tinged her fair cheek.

"Then I shall not say good-bye to you now. It shall be only *au revoir*," she said, with a smile and something of the old vivacity which had so charmed him on the evening when he had first met her in London.

He longed to ask her if he might write to her occasionally. He felt that the months would be tedious without any tidings from her; but his better judgment told him not to make the request, and so with a simple hand-clasp he went his way.

The spring and summer passed, and he had seen much of America's scenery; had visited her great cities and fashionable watering-places; had sailed upon her wonderful lakes and mighty rivers. September came, and found him in the valley of the Yosemite.

Only four more weeks of travel and sight-seeing and he would again clasp the hand of the fair woman whom he loved, and whom absence only served to make more dear to him.

He was very impatient, although he had enjoyed his trip far beyond his expectations, and he would fain forego the pleasures and wonders of the Yosemite, and be transported back to Chicago to spend those last four weeks in Emelie Graham's society, but for the fear of blighting all his future hopes by being hasty and premature.

His heart sank within him every time he thought of his return to England; but he had resolved to ask permission to write to her, and he was hoping much from this prospective correspondence.

The evening of the first of October found him back in Chicago, and the next morning he called at Michigan avenue.

Mrs. Graham was not at home, he was told; she had gone with her mother to visit some friends in Aurora, and would not return until the seventh.

This was a great disappointment, but he remembered that he had set no date for his return; he had simply said during the first or second week of October.

He must kill time, however, until she came back. He went to Elgin and visited the great watch manufactories stationed there, spending two days in going over them, and becoming greatly interested in the process of producing those world-renowned little time-keepers.

The next day he spent in a drive out to the "Crib," in Lake Michigan, where the fresh, pure water of the lake is poured into the great tunnel, and then dispensed to supply the needs of the populous city.

The next two days he spent in more fully investigating the water system, the tunnels, and pumping stations on the river, and the next was—the seventh.

He was somewhat wearied by the excursions of the previous days, and spent a day in his room writing letters, deferring his call upon Mrs. Graham until evening, so as to be sure of finding her.

Yes, she had returned, the servant told him when he called, and, taking his card, ushered him into the drawing-room.

Five minutes later Emelie came to him, looking lovelier than he had ever seen her, in a soft white cashmere robe, which fell round her slight, perfect figure in graceful folds, and was confined at the waist by a broad black belt, from which depended a cascade of ribbon of the same somber hue.

She had not an ornament about her, save the broad band of gold—her wedding ring, and its diamond guard—on the third finger of her left hand; but the very simplicity of her dress only added to her loveliness.

Her eyes were bright with anticipation, and a delicate color glowed in her cheeks, while her lips were brilliant with their scarlet coloring.

The meeting between Mr. Earlescourt cordially and frankly, showing an unaffected pleasure in his return that made him very happy.

He inquired for Mrs. Gerard, and was told that she was well, but had remained in Aurora, at the solicitation of her friends, for a longer visit. Then they dropped into a quiet chat, which was interrupted at ten o'clock, when Mr. Earlescourt took his leave, having first craved permission to call the next day—which would be the Sabbath—to attend Mrs. Graham to church service in the evening.

As they both stood at the door a moment, as he was leaving, they noticed and remarked upon the strange atmosphere that seemed to pervade the city, yet neither had a suspicion of the horrors that it portended.

It was the 7th of October, 1871, the eventful night of the breaking out of that dreadful conflagration which laid in ashes the best portions of that proud city of the West, and made such a fearful impression upon the Canadian Dominion.

Adrien Earlescourt returned to the Sherman House after bidding his friend "good night," and was immediately fast asleep.

He slept heavily during the first half of the night. He aroused at midnight, and noticed that the wind had changed, and was blowing from the direction of the window of his room; but he shortly fell into a light slumber again, during which he dreamed that he was once more on the ocean with Emelie Graham—that they were going back to England together, she having become his wife, and he was taking her in triumph to his proud home.

At five o'clock he awoke the second time, and became conscious of a strange roar and confusion without; but it sounded far away, and, with his thoughts still in the dreamy, pleasant, gone somewhere in the distance, he turned over and was soon oblivious of everything.

When he went down to his breakfast, about nine, he heard people talk of a great fire to the west of them that had been raging for several hours, and seemed to be still gathering force.

Yet no alarm was felt that it would approach any nearer that portion of the city. It seemed to be spreading in a northerly direction, and everybody was confident that the fire department would soon have it under control.

This prediction bade fair to be fulfilled, for later reports told that the fire was subsiding, and cheering hopes were entertained that the worst was over.

Mr. Earlescourt went out a little before eleven, and accompanied some of a church near by, after which he returned to the hotel, and had his dinner at three.

At five he went out for a drive to while away the time before the evening service, and on his return, at seven, he stopped at Mrs. Graham's door.

The church which they attended was not far from her residence, and the walk thither was very pleasant, and the sermon a most enjoyable one. Mrs. Graham invited her companion to upon their return, and he remained until about ten, when he again repaired to his hotel and retired at once.

He was awakened in the middle of the night by wild cries, then hoarse shouts, and the ominous boominig of a deep toned bell.

Then, as he lay for a moment, listening, and trying to comprehend what it all could mean, the bell suddenly ceased, and an awful shock, like an earthquake, seemed to shake the city to its utmost limits, rocking the strongest buildings to their foundations. He learned afterward that it was caused by the falling of the mammoth dome and bell of the burning courthouse.

He sprang out of bed and rushed to a window, and a cry of dismay burst from him, for, not four squares away, a perfect wall of fire arose heaven-ward, throwing out its forked tongues in every chapeauge during my sojourn here, has more than counterbalanced my poor efforts for your comfort during our voyage."

"But," he continued, after a slight pause, while he watched the expression of her face closely, "this will not be my final parting with you. I propose to travel over the country during the summer months, and, with your permission, I will return to say a last adieu to you before sailing for England in the fall. I am going east, then south, after that still further west, and will stop in Chicago for a few days during the first or second week of October on my return."

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He longed to ask her if he might write to her occasionally. He felt that the months would be tedious without any tidings from her; but

one could only think of the destruction of Sodom.

As Adrien Earlescourt stepped out upon the pavement he was horrified to see the extent of the ravages of the fire-fiend. All the houses in that section of the city seemed to be imperiled.

"The fire never will be staid until it has consumed everything to the borders of the lake," Mr. Earlescourt said to himself, a nameless horror clutching at his heart as the thought of Emelie Graham in her stately home, with no one on whom to depend save her servants, who would perhaps heartlessly desert her and leave her to her fate in this hour of peril.

He knew there was no time to lose. She might even now be safe but he could not take it for granted that she was—he must know for himself.

He darted through the nearest streets to Michigan avenue, along which he sped at his fleetest gait, feeling as if those cruel flames were hurrying after him with lightning-like rapidity.

He reached the Graham mansion, but it was in darkness, save for one solitary light in one of the chambers, and no one seemed to be stirring within it.

He rang the silver-toned bell a furious peal, and a moment later the door opened, and Mrs. Graham herself stood on the threshold.

(To be Continued.)

Boys in Hot Weather.

There is one class in the community who never allow hot weather to bother them; in fact they don't seem to realize that such a thing exists. We allude to the boys. We ever knew a boy to consult a thermometer on a hot day, or wear a cabbage leaf in his hat—he rarely keeps a hat on his head—or carry an umbrella to ward off the sun's rays, or ask a comrade, "Is it hot enough for you?" Never one. With the mercury standing at 99 degrees in the shade (or lying down thoroughly exhausted in the sun) the boys carry themselves just as though there was nothing unusual in the weather at all. They engage in their accustomed games, play base-ball beneath a blazing sun, run and sport in apparent unconsciousness that such a thing as sunstroke ever existed. To be sure, they object to any superfluous clothing, and prefer that what they do wear be of the thinnest variety. Hats or caps they have no use for, unless it be for football, or to catch minnows in when they go fishing. Happy boys!

Where Her Inspiration Comes From.

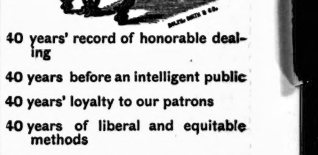
Society Girl—My dear Miss McSiddons, how you must adore your art. You seem perfectly wrapped up in it. I love to watch you on the stage when you gaze upward in that soulful way of yours as you come to some particularly emotional passage. Are you seeking inspiration when you do that?

Emotional actress—Oh, no; I am just counting the receipts in the gallery.

Better Bide a Wee.

George—Oh, my love! my angel! To think that you will be my own little wife! May I speak to your father to-day!

She—Better wait until to-morrow, dearest George. Papa would not feel that he could part with me were you to ask him to day, but my milliner's bill is due to-morrow, and dear papa will jump at the chance to see me safely disposed of.



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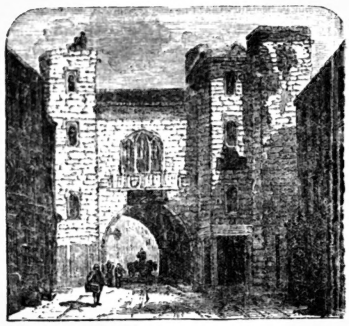

We finished up London by wandering through some of the old streets, the inns and gates, of which the above illustration of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, is a fair illustration. We saw some of the old taverns, the Bell Inn and the old-fashioned house where Dickens used to live. The Holborn portion of London is full of an atmosphere of story, and one can easily imagine how, while sitting at a little table in one of those coffee rooms, the great novelist might see characters which would suggest the Dickens' romances of everyday people, who seem to be a part of the history of London.

I remarked once before that the pleasure of a trip depends very largely upon one's traveling companions. The variety of our life was increased by the addition to our party while in London, of a Canadian gentleman who, for the sake of argument shall be known as the Colonel. The Colonel in the language of the street would be described as a "cracker." He was old but frolicsome, wore a military air and a bad, bad eye, and came to us with a certificate from the purser of the steamer on which he had crossed, that he had eaten more, drank more, and talked louder, and perhaps more untruthfully, than any man who had ever embarked on a vessel of the line theretofore. We met him one night at the Empire, or rather he spied us and came climbing over chairs and tables and human beings with wild Comanche-like shouts, of "Well, I'll be blanked, by the great blank I will be eternally blanked. Who'd have thought of seeing you here? Blast my eyes, I feel better 'n if I had found a thousand dollars, I do, by blank. Talk about the world being big and yet here I run agin you right first thing, and you of all people in the world, by blank. Only landed last night! come and have a drink."

I don't know what led him to suppose we would take a drink, but we were willing to do almost anything to keep him quiet, for everybody in the theater was looking at us, and that old Mohawk was shouting and gesticulating as if he had met us on a desert island up in Muskoka instead of in a crowded theater. With an arm around each of our necks he led us off, to the intense amusement of everybody in the house, while he seemed as utterly unconscious as if he were talking in his sleep or having a spell of *delirium tremens*. We journeyed with the colonel for about a week more or less—less, if by good luck we saw him first—and he furnished a picnic for the whole of London. I thought at first that he did it out of the sweet innocence of his untutored soul, but later on I came to the decision that the colonel was deliberately attempting to excite undue interest in himself and his companions. In public places he would walk up and introduce himself to the most prominent personage in the room as follows: "Excuse the liberty, sir, but I'm an American, a British-American, sir, and I'll have you to understand that the British-American, sir, is no Yankee and no slouch. He is loyal to Her Majesty the Queen, sir, and because you are an Englishman and I am a British subject, a British-American subject, sir, I take the liberty of introducing myself. We don't have to come to England to learn loyalty, sir. These are my friends, Canadians, sir, loyal to the core. We come from the greatest country in the world, and we are good samples of the country we come from," and with this the colonel would slap his bulging chest and have us shaking hands with the dumbfounded Englishman before he could recover his composure. After it was over and we could escape without being thumped, it used to make me laugh, particularly when the colonel would say, "By gad, I don't take any back water from them English galoots. They respect us all the more because we respect ourselves. We are three as fine looking men as there are in this town and by gad we don't have to take no back seat, nuther." Which was true. While we journeyed with the colonel we sat in the front seat, the observed of all observers, and his almighty tongue never let up for a second. Something would strike his attention and he would stretch out his arm and gesticulate all over the house as he exclaimed, "By gad, isn't it a revelation to us Canucks," or, "I've been saving up for this trip for twenty years, and by the great jumping Judas I am getting the worth of my money." Perhaps someone would look with unconceaded disdain on this boisterous old calliope, when with well affected rage he would turn and snort out, "Don't turn up your nose at me, sir, I'm a Mohawk Chief and a British-American, sir. I am no slouch if I am a stranger in the country. We've kept our own cow to home these fifty years. Don't make any error on me, Mr., I'm here for a visit and I'm having the blankity blanked time that anybody ever had in *this* settlement. These are friends of mine from Canada," and the colonel would proceed to introduce us, and as a rule the humor of the situation would begin to dawn on the Londoner and we picked up several first rate fellows just that way, but I got too ashamed of it to enjoy the fun.

One day we went to the London docks, and in those underground caverns, amidst casks of wine, some of them half a century old, the Colonel, who was an uninvited guest, exhibited himself in his most lurid light. We had what is known to tourists as a sampling order, which permitted us to have any cask in those miles of vaults tapped. A gentleman named Jarvis was the conductor of the expedition, and he opened his performance by drawing a glass of Madeira for each of us. It was forty years old. The Colonel declared it nectar for the gods, adding as a postscript, "Pass me another hooker of that wet, Jarvis, I'd like to gargle my neck in a little more of it." Another, and yet a third, and the Colonel was showing signs of asking for a fourth. We persuaded him to move on to the sherry. The first glass seemed to suit him, and he told Mr. Jarvis that he guessed he would rinse his teeth in another. Three glasses of sherry having been stowed away under the colonel's capacious vest, I ventured to whisper to him that the glasses were very large and that he would not feel the effect of his libations until he got into the open air. "Young fellow," he shouted, slapping me on the shoulder, "don't fret about your grand-dad, I'm able to take care of himself. When I ask you to help me carry home any of my load you can bet that the old man's got a big jag on." Over a barrel of port of the vintage of '57, the colonel went into ecstacies, and after partaking of the third glass declared he would like to let the roots of his tongue soak in that all winter. He showed signs of being rocky at the brandy barrel, but insisted on winding up with another glass of Madeira, declaring it to be so good that nothing but coal oil or carbolic acid could ever take that lovely taste out of his mouth. The colonel was now so noisy that his commanding voice could be heard distinctly on the street above. Mr. Jarvis suggested the propriety of speaking in a more subdued manner for fear the police might think there was an earthquake going on. "Jarvis," roared the colonel, "here's my card. It's got America on it, where I live. If ever you come to Canada come and see me. I've got a good deal of pull out there. If you want a Government 'sit' or a position in the civil service you will have it a week from the day you land."

Mr. Jarvis said that he thought some of taking a little trip to Canada this summer.

"Coming to Canada, are you? By the great jumping Judas, if you don't present that card to me inside of a month I'll feel hurt, I will, by the great blank. Come right to my house and stay, don't go to no tavern. Bring your valise right to my house and I'll show you the best society there is in Montreal." Five minutes later we were on the wharf where the sailors were unloading bales of East India spices, and the trucks were rumbling sharply over the pavements. Thirty seconds later the colonel had collapsed. His knees gave out, his tongue thickened, his eyes were half-closed, and as he leaned heavily on Mr. Jarvis, he admitted in a swollen whisper, "By gad, I'm drun'er 'n a biled owl." He was assisted to the top of an omnibus, but he came so near falling off that the driver declined to handle the freight, and he had to be unloaded and put in a hansom. Next day, when we reproached him with his intemperance, he said, "Yes, I was drunk, and I have no opinion of any man who could go to those London docks and keep sober. It was a revelation to us Canucks, by gad, sir. Nectar for the gods! I wouldn't take a million dollars for my experience, I wouldn't, by Judas."

The colonel is the sort of a man who is generally selected from amongst a thousand American tourists by the Englishman as a sample of the manners of our Western World. One noisy old fog horn like his, will attract more attention than the conversation of a hundred average westerners, and it is perhaps not strange that he should be chosen as a type of our people. He took a pride in the prominence he achieved, and he was so amusing, and his effrontery so perfect, that he found plenty of companions who relished the excitement his presence always occasioned.

A day in Liverpool on the way home was enough. It is a great big gloomy city like Glasgow, full of drunkenness and degradation and business. The theatres which were open were abominable, and the tap-room seemed to be about the only place of amusement for the masses. The pleasantest trip I had in it was the ride down to the dock to get the steamer. The feeling of being homeward bound is a delightful one, even if it is after only a couple of months' absence. The two of us were driven to the dock, together with a considerable amount of baggage, for two and sixpence, and as there were half-a-dozen porters anxious to carry our stuff on board the tender, we permitted them to do it. We did the grand act, as it were, for it is a rather pleasant thing to have plenty of servants lugging your stuff around and inquiring where you would like to have it put. It was not quite so funny when we found we had to pay three pence a parcel, I had just twelve parcels. Patterson had ten. So it cost us just five and sixpence to get on board, a little over twice as much as the fare from the hotel a little over a mile away. It isn't pretty for old travelers to grin when they see people being done up as we were. No doubt they had been there themselves before they had boarded ocean steamers enough to know how.

I take the liberty of making the final threat of next week ending this series by a sketch of the voyage home. DON.

A Native American.

An Irishman may be trusted to "keep up the interest" of any occasion. Place him in the most doleful situation, and he will do his best to make it lively. The following incident illustrates that truism: During the civil war in America several regiments were ordered to march, although none of the privates knew their destination. When they set out the road was narrow, and the captain in command of one regiment gave the order: "By doubling! Right face! Forward march!" "To Dublin!" shouted an Irishman in the ranks. "Arrah, good luck, me boys! We're going to Dublin! Sure, the general has found out the right place to go to at last!" "Where do you say we're going!" called two or three voices. "To Dublin, don't ye hear?" "Keep still, you bog trotter!" "Ah ha, me boys!" continued Tim, "when yez gets to Dublin, it'll be you will be the foreigners there, and it'll be me that'll be the native American!"

Tommy Atkins

"Tommy Atkins is very much changed from what he used to be," said the Major—in "Notes by the Way" in the *Times of India*—as he lit a fresh "Trichy." "He is more sensible, takes more care of himself, and doesn't squander his money in the foolish manner he did in the old days. I remember in my old regiment a lot of men re-engaging, and each man getting a bounty of one hundred and thirty rupees. It seemed to be a matter of honor with them how to get rid of the money as quickly as possible; and the correct thing appeared to be to buy as much liquor as they could, and to consume it as quickly as they could. I remember one man buying a case of Exshaw containing a dozen bottles. He opened the case and helped himself freely to the contents of one bottle, after which he took the remaining eleven out of the case and stowed them about his person to carry off with him. He put two or three inside his coat, stuffed his pockets, crammed one under each arm, and carried the remainder in his hands. As might have been expected, he had not gone many steps before one of the bottles fell with a crash, and the precious liquor was all spilt in the road; whereupon Tommy sat himself down by the roadside, and, putting the surviving ten bottles in a row in front of him, he harangued them with tipsy gravity. 'One of you is broke,' he said; 'and do you suppose that I should care if you was all broke? Do you think I can't afford to buy as many more of you as I want? If so, you make a very great mistake.' And, with this exordium, he took up the ten bottles, one after the other, smashed them on a big stone that lay handy, and went back and bought another dozen case. There was another of the bounty men who, having bought his case of Exshaw, was seen carefully conveying it to a large well close to the barracks. A sergeant, seeing him approach the well, and being apprehensive that he might be going to throw himself in, crept up after him, and got close to him without being perceived. But Tommy had no intention of drowning himself. He had come to the well for quite another purpose. He opened his case of Exshaw, and taking out a bottle, broke the neck of it, and poured the brandy into the well, saying with tipsy satisfaction as he did so, 'No. 8 Company is all teetotalers, is they! And this here well is No. 8 Company well, is it? Very good then. I'll take care every bloomin' teetotaler in the company drinks something a little stronger than water to-night.' And, so saying, he emptied the contents of all twelve bottles in No. 8 Company well, and then staggered off to get another supply for himself, happy in the reflection of the trick he had played on the teetotalers."

Compensating Advantages.

Angelica—Why, mamma, is this St. Matthias' Church? How very small it is!

Mamma—It may be small, my dear, but it is very high.

An Absent-minded Legislator.

An amusing incident illustrative of absent-mindedness is narrated of the last session of the German Reichstag. Herr Wichmann was calling the roll of members, when, upon reading out his own name, he naturally received no response. In a louder tone he called the name a second time, and finally roared it out like a healthy-lunged bull. But at this juncture the laughter of his colleagues showed there must be something wrong, and, realizing the ludicrous situation, he joined the hilarity and marked himself present.

A Pathetic Appeal.

Spinster (to bird fancier)—Have you a nice parrot, sir, whose life has been quiet and uneventful, and whose choice of English is somewhat above the average.

Dealer—Yes, ma'am; I have just the bird you're looking—

Parrot (imploringly)—For gawd's sake, boss, don't let me go!

In the Parlor.

Fiance—Ethelberta, good night. Let me give you a good night kiss.

Ethelberta—Not here, cheri, in the hall. You awoke the canary last night, and gave the cat fits.

That Settled It.

Collector (on his tenth visit)—Look a-here; how many more times do you want me to call with this little account?

Bill Overdue—Why, man, I don't care if you never call again.

Advantage of Having a "Perfesh'nal" Name.

Liverpool business man (getting his boots polished)—Isn't your name Teddy McNamara, boy?

Bootblack—That's me name in private life. 'Tain't me perfesh'nal name.

Liverpool business-man—Have you a professional name?

Bootblack—Yes, sir. It's Garibaldi del Torso Spaghetti. You have ter have an Eyetalian name or you don't git no customers.

In Pious Boston

Old Mrs. Litany (anxiously, stopping car)—Do you go to Trinity Church, Conductor?

Conductor—Sorry; I don't get no time for church, lady.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Yachting.

Yachting, and particularly steam yachting, is gaining rapidly in popularity every year. For many years it has been considered the correct thing with people sufficiently wealthy to indulge the taste to own a yacht, not only in the seaboard cities, but also on the great lakes.

As yacht-owners are people of wealth and, *pro con/esso*, refinement, much attention is paid to the matter of proper costuming. The ideal dress of the yachtsmen is a double-breasted sack coat of navy blue flannel, or yacht cloth, with waistcoat and trousers to match. The buttons of the coat and waistcoat should be metal, and ornamented with the ensign of the club to which the owner belongs.

Most yacht clubs own a die, with which the outfitter is required to stamp the buttons.

The pocket of the yachting jacket should always be provided with flaps, but the waistcoat pockets may be unprotected. The main object of the flaps is to guard against rain or spray entering the pockets; and since in rough weather the coat should be buttoned, flaps for the waistcoat are unnecessary.

The gentleman should wear a navy blue cloth cap, with visor, with the color of the cloth matching the suit. Above the visor should be the ensign of the club, artistically worked in gold or silver.

In the cut of his trousers, the yachtsman should avoid committing himself to the stereotyped nautical style of skin-tightness about the hips and very loose bottoms. This style of garment must be left to the yacht's crew; a gentleman should make little or no departure from the prevailing cut of the same garment he should wear ashore. Ordinarily, the yachting shirt should be of blue flannel; but this is usually regulated by the club uniform committee, who sometimes choose other colors. The shirt should have a turn-down collar, and should be worn with a black silk tie of sailor knot or pattern. The above styles can be procured at No. 1 Rossin House Block, Henry A. Taylor, Merchant Tailor.

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Fine becoming designs. Every article made of the finest quality natural curled Human Hair.

Also all other kinds of Hair Goods, Wigs, Waves, Switches, Bangs, etc. Fancy Hair Ornaments of any description.

Fine lines of Australian and German Fancy All kinds of Toilet Articles.

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We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits---the manufacturer's and our own---which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.

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NEW SCARFS

"THE LOUIS PHILLIPE"

"THE VIVIAN"

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. ALSO

NEW ENGLISH COLLARS

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THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

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Mantles, Jackets, Dolmans, Ulsters, Dress Goods for Early Fall Wear

The latest Berlin, Paris, London and New York productions. A Special Feature of our Mantle Department is the large line of Children's Jackets and Mantles. The choicest goods ever shown. One Thousand to Choose From, at the Lowest Possible Prices.

H. S. MORISON & CO.

Successors to J. Pittman & Co.

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

McLaren, niece of Mr. John Taylor of Chatham, to Rev. Francis M. Baldwin, a nephew of Bishop Baldwin. Rev. N. H. Martin officiated, and the ceremony was a very quiet one, the bride being attired in her travelling dress. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin left on the afternoon train for New York and other eastern cities.

BRANTFORD.

Miss F. Cumberland of Toronto is visiting here at Rev. Canon Salt.r's.

Hon. Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Hardy and Mr. Curran Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wilkes and family, Mrs. L. T. Whitehead, Mr. H. and Eddie Whitehead, returned last Tuesday from Parry Sound, where they have been spending the last three weeks at the Belvidere House.

Mrs. A. B. Bennett, Miss Bennett, and Miss May Bennett returned last Tuesday from a month's sojourn at Old Orchard Beach.

SELAH.

ANCASTER.

Miss Cumberland of Queen's Park, Toronto, is visiting in Ancaster with Mrs. Eglestone and Mrs. Roberts, and is delighted with the charming scenery surrounding the place.

Miss Robarts has just returned home from a pleasant visit with her friends in Toronto.

WILDFLOWER.

GALT.

The garden party at Oak Lawn, the residence of Mr. Alex. Roy, was the event of the season. Mrs. Roy's hospitality is so well known that comment here is needless, unless it be to say that on this occasion she surpassed herself. Among those we noticed there were Mr. Baird and Mr. Musson of the Commerce, Mr. Seagram of the Imperial. Among those from a distance were Mr. Todd and Mr. Scott of New York, Mr. Turnbull of Kingston, Mr. McMillan of California and Mr. Bond of Goderich.

Mrs. Wm. Monkman gave her friends a pleasant party last Wednesday evening. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns and in the house the floral decorations were superb and greatly admired. The music was furnished by Muckle's orchestra.

Messrs. Jas. Moore of the Board of Works and G. J. Riddell of the Collegiate Institute have returned from their vacation in Muskoka looking the very picture of health.

Mrs. Schiestein and her sister Miss Von Schultz are here from Toronto visiting friends.

Next week we hope to be able to give an interesting account of Miss Vardon's picnic at Puslinch Lake, and other pleasing social events. The Misses Sanford of Branchton have been in town for a few days visiting friends.

DELTA.

NORWICH.

Norwich already shows signs of waking from its summer lethargy.

Mr. C. B. Marsland returned on Monday from Simcoe, much improved by his short sojourn in the "leather town," and has resumed duty at the Molsons Bank. Mr. and Mrs. T. Batty are also home from their six weeks' trip among the Muskoka lakes. Mrs. S. B. McCay and Miss McCay returned on Monday from their outing at Aylmer. Miss Brady's trip to Detroit has terminated and her charming countenance is once more seen around our fireside circles. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Clarke have returned from a month's visit to relatives and friends in Michigan. Prof. Kaiser, principal of the Pleasant Valley High School, has returned from his vacation and resumes his important duties next week. Mr. Scarboro and wife of Hamilton are at present in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Dake. Mr. G. Badgerow and Mr. J. H. Nelles of the Molsons Bank, Woodstock, paid a flying visit to our town on Friday; they were accompanied by Mr. Daniel Daley of the Bank of Commerce. Mr. F. E. Davis of Guelph is at present here.

We had two garden parties last week, the one being held at the residence of Mr. L. F. Bungay, in aid of the funds of the town band, and the other in Mr. W. Hulet's lovely grounds, in aid of the Baptist Church fund.

There is a rumor in town that the bachelors of this place are likely to give a hop in the near future, the date has not yet been decided upon.

Mr. Mott Carman, the champion bicyclist, left on Monday for Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. House of Maguoketa, Iowa, and Mrs. O. A. Chester of St. Paul, Minn., are at present visiting their relative, Mrs. G. C. Sutton.

Mr. A. P. Miller left for a trip to Alabama on Friday, a number of his friends gave him a farewell send off at the station.

Mr. A. Brown of Harley, spent Sunday and Monday in town.

Miss Batman, who has been visiting friends here, left for her home in Kincardine on Saturday.

Rev. R. H. Myers is at present enjoying a much-needed four weeks' holiday trip. He is accompanied by Mrs. Myers, who of late has not been in very good health.

Mrs. Couzens' party on Thursday was a very enjoyable affair, and those who were favored with invitations kept a merry time of it by the hostess' entertaining qualities.

Mr. Jerdon Palmer left last week for a two week's vacation; he takes in Port Huron, Detroit, London and Beaconsfield before he returns.

STAR.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

I have been impressed during the past few years with the indubitable fact that genius, so far as mimetic, or rather histrionic, talent is concerned, is pre-eminently an hereditary gift. In my various readings upon the history of the Elizabethan and later drama, especially with reference to the revival period under Charles II., this idea has been enforced again and again. Modern science has given us genealogies of families in which particular talents have been bequeathed for generations. We may all become scientists if we choose by applying the knowledge of experience to current events. Rose Coghlan and her brother Charles are equally stars in the dramatic firmament. The man shines as a player of leading parts with that rare and interesting charm born of natural taste and intelligence. He possesses all of the characteristics as an actor that we look for and demand from one who essays to play the finished man of the world, of varied experiences, of assured self command.

Charles Coghlan is one of the elegant actors; he wears his clothes as a gentleman should; he never gushes over in trying situations; he is self-contained. His passion is always an implied quality; it never permits him to sputter. Now and then he seems to suppress himself too evidently. He reminds us of one who is ready to express sympathy verbally, but who really does not know what it means.

Rose Coghlan, the sister, is one of our few always equal emotional actresses. She makes us think at times of what we imagine Nell Gwynne to have been. She is splendid in parts where force of passion of the evil kind is required; she has capacity for touching hearts when woman's wrong or woman's sympathy is to be shown. Her face and her figure are gifts of rare value, and her histrionic genius is equal to them. In her case a beautiful woman and a brilliant one intellectually, so far as her mind goes into playing, are united. She has been at Manhattan Beach nearly all summer, training for the new play in which she will appear this fall. There is to be a duel scene in it, a unique one too, for it is between women, and with swords! Miss Coghlan has been the observed of all at the beach, her appearance in the surf has been one of the events at Manhattan. Many who have seen her as the charming and graceful Rosalind have followed her in the new part of water nymph with novel sensations. Bathing costumes now, you know, are designed mainly with a view of making the form feminine appear as we know it should. Miss Coghlan can wear the modern dress (!) with becoming grace. These baths, with vigorous swimming and diving and buoyant floating, are but prefatory, they are for strength, afterward follows the proof of their value. She has a fencing master at the hotel, and every day in a not too exclusive apartment she thrusts and parries with, I dare say, more than the skill of a Boulanger; at any rate I'm sure few men would willingly engage the fair artiste in a combat to the death. A stage duel between women will be a sensation in itself almost sufficient to carry the piece.

Mrs. Langtry is also an expert swordswoman and much of her litheness and strength of poise is due to an enthusiastic indulgence in the sport. I suggest a bout between Miss Coghlan and Mrs. Langtry for the next Actor's Fund benefit. This sort of thing would be a go.

Lester Wallack has written a series of magazine articles, his reminiscences of fifty years. They will be of interest to lovers of stage history, and we all take an interest in it I think. An actor of his experience and antecedents will give us a lot of personal theatrical gossip of especial significance.

Old New Yorkers can spin many a yarn about the old days of the red-shirted, loud shouting, belligerent fire laddies. "The machine" was one of the prime factors in all elections, and the rival faction could always rely on "Mose" for knock-down arguments. I was talking to a veteran fireman the other day about the times when the primitive hand-worked machines were in use. He said he thought that so far as efficiency was concerned there was little difference between the old and the new. Now the heavy steamers are dragged by two overburdened horses, then "the boys" pulled her on the run and in better time at that. A fireman's red shirt was an open sesame to all theaters, he was a veritable prince on the Bowery. He swaggered along, conscious of might and vain of his prerogatives as a gratuitous public servant. One night "the machine" was called down on the Bowery to a fire, and to get ahead of the rival company, "the boys" took the sidewalk. The innumerable Jewish clothiers who occupy that thoroughfare had their samples of "vits you like de baper on de vall" strung out like banners to the breeze. The handles of "the machine" were high enough to catch on, and they cleared the sidewalk from Canal street to Chatham square. Verily was there much wailing and gnashing of teeth in Jewry that night, and many curious and ludicrous misfits on the fire laddies next day. The days of "the machine" are treasured now. The veterans of those days occupy handsome club rooms on Tenth street, and an evening among them and the mementoes which adorn their rooms is a peep into a period of our local history full of generous sacrifice and noble deeds done to save life and property. "The machine" is a power to-day. "The boys," many of them, are rich and influential citizens, and their political leverage has not left them with the substitution of steam for muscle.

CARRINGTON.

NEW YORK, August 28.

Danford Roche & Co., the Yonge street dry goods firm, are giving up business, and are holding a sale disposing of their stock. They are very busy.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

AIKENS—On August 22, at Carrollcroft, Stanstead, Mrs J. S. Aikens—a son.

BEETON—On August 20, at Toronto, Mrs. E. Beeton—a son.

BISHOP—On August 14, at Hillsboro', N. B., Mrs Albert Bishop—a son.

COAD—On August 16, at Wingham, Mrs. Joseph Coad—a daughter.

DACK—On August 12, at Kincardine, Mrs. E. C. Dack—a son.

HUNTER—On August 23, at St. Andrew's manse, Orangeville, Mrs. W. A. Hunter—a son.

WYLLIE—On August 18, at Owen Sound, Mrs. Robert Wyllie—a daughter.

WILLIAMS—On August 25, at Toronto, Mrs. S. J. Williams—a daughter.

WADE—On August 22, at Turnberry, Mrs George Wade—a daughter.

WISHART—On August 22, at Toronto, Mrs. D. J. Wishart—a son.

YEO—On August 22, at Morris, Mrs. R. Yeo—a daughter.

DRADGE—On August 13, at Seitzerville, Mrs. Henry Dradge—a daughter.

MORGAN—At Toronto, Mrs. Henry Morgan—a son.

LOREIMAN—At Toronto, Mrs. G. T. Loreiman—a son.

DAVIS—On August 27, at Freeman, Mrs. C. G. Davis—a son.

LANGSTAFF—On August 23, at Richmond Hill, Mrs James Langstaff—a son.

BEATTY—On August 22, at Toronto, Mrs. David Beatty—a daughter.

GROVES—On August 25, at St. Catharines, Mrs. J. T. Groves—a daughter.

BLACKEY—On August 19, at Toronto, Mrs. P. Blackey—a daughter.

CHUTE—On August 14, at Beaconsfield, N.S., Mrs. George Chute—a daughter.

CHUTE—On August 18, at Clarence, N.S., Mrs. Norman Chute—a daughter.

DOUBLE—On August 22, at Fullarton, Mrs. James Double—a son.

LYONS—On August 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Lyons—a son.

COCKIN—On August 28, at Toronto, Mrs. Herbert K. Cockin—a son.

Marriages.

CLEVERLEY—CAPON—On August 23, at Montreal, Frank S. Cleverley, late of Toronto, to Beatrice A. Capon.

MANKS—PUDDINGTON—On August 21, at St. John, N.B., Moore Manks, of St. John, to Agnes Puddington, of Portland.

NORSWORTHY—SIMON—On August 15, at Dashwood, J. W. Norsworthy, of Crediton, to Hortense Simon, of Dashwood.

STEEP—JACKSON—On August 16, at Clinton, H. W. Steep, of Winnipeg, to Bessie, daughter of John Jackson.

GOODSELL—JANES—On August 22, C. F. Goodsell, of Belleville, to Clara J. nes, of Napanee.

HOBBS—SMITH—On August 24, at Toronto, Thos. Hobbs to Frances F. J. Smith.

HUCK—CARNRITE—On August 15, Henry Huck to Henrietta Carnrite, of Ameliasburg.

MORSE—CUMMING—On August 22, at Birtle, Manitoba, F. Morton Morse, of Winnipeg, to Ruth Ella Cumming, of Birtle.

MILLARD—MULLICA—On August 27, at Toronto, Alex. Millard to Maggie E. Mullica, of Columbus, N.J.

McKAY—O'CONNOR—On August 23, Geo. W. McKay, of Toronto, to Alphonsine O'Connor, of Peterboro'.

CRUMP—PINE—On Aug. 27, at Toronto, John Compton Crump to Mary Pine.

WOOD—SMITH—On Aug. 27, at Ottawa, Frank A. Wood of Toronto to Marcella G. Smith of Bristol, P.Q.

BAILEY—HAGEL—On Aug. 25, William G. Bailey to Victoria, second daughter of Dr. S. D. Hagel.

BLISS—KIRBY—On Aug. 23, T. Alder D. Bliss to Alice Maud, third daughter of Thomas Kirby of Prescott.

DONALD—WILSON—On Aug. 15, at Oaklands, Cal., John Hugh Donald of Sacramento, Cal., to Elsie F. Wilson, eldest daughter of Capt. Wilson of Shanty Bay, Ont.

HATTON—PEACHEY—At Toronto on Aug. 24, William Hatton of Ottawa, Ont., to Jessie Peachey of Stratford St. Mary, Essex, Eng.

MATTHEWS—TUNN—On Aug 23, at South Alice, Ont., William Matthews to Emily Tunn, both of the Township of Alice, Ont.

ROWE—PICK—On Aug 20, at Lennoxville, Que., William Henry Rowe to Esther Matilda Pick.

Deaths.

ALDERMAN—On August 24, at Toronto, Margaret Alderman, aged 64 years.

BOYD—On August 15, at Owen Sound, Goldie Milward Boyd, aged 7 months.

FERGUSON—On August 21, at Bathurst, N.B., Hon. John Ferguson, Senator, aged 85 years.

HUNTER—On August 26, at Toronto, Jane Hunter, aged 73 years.

MEDCALF—On August 25, at Toronto, Alfred Medcalf, aged 62 years.

KENNEDY—On August 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Elisa Kennedy, sr., aged 67 years.

TYLER—On Sunday, August 26, at Toronto, Mabel Tyler aged four months.

WADE—On August 21, at Kingsville, Daniel Wigle, aged 58 years.

WISHART—On August 24, at Toronto, Sarah Staunton Wishart, aged 24 years.

SPRINGER—On August 20, at Burlington, D. R. Springer, aged 76 years.

GOUGH—On August 18 at the Hospital of the Anglican Sisterhood of St. John the Divine, Toronto, Mrs. Henrietta Harwood Gough.

BURGESS—On August 24, at Ottawa, Mary Alexandria, infant daughter of Mr. A. M. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

DYSON—On August 25, at Guelph, Thomas Dyson, aged 70 years.

SMITH—On August 27, at Evergreen Park, Burford, Margaret Smith, aged 75 years.

FOWLER—On August 26, at Peterboro', Isabella Fowler, aged 87 years.

MOFFAT—On August 26, Elizabeth Mary Moffat.

SMITH—On Aug. 26, at Portsmouth, Catharine Thompson Smith, aged 86 years.

Didn't Like the Bill of Fare.

At a fashionable watering-place.

"This room seems nice enough," said a guest to the keeper of a boarding-house; "it is lacking in has plenty of ventilation and is, I presume, characterized by an absence of fleas."

"Fleas, indeed! My dear sir you might stop here a year and you'd never see one. The fact is, we only entertain sick people, and you know they are not—appetizing!"

A Preliminary.

Bride—Darling, will you let me cook your breakfast to-morrow?
Husband—Certainly, pet. (Goes off)
Bride—Where are you going?
Husband—To make my will.

Robbing the Grave of its Terrors.

An ingenious Englishman has just patented a coffin that is calculated to make death more tolerable to those unfortunate people who have a horror of being buried alive. When the person thus interred comes to his senses and finds himself unable to make himself heard by those above ground he has only to pull heavily upon a spring and he is at once—strangled!

An Infamous Proposition.

Isabelle—Gus Goggles made me a most infamous proposition this morning.
Alice—What was it?
Isabelle—He said he was bashful, and asked me to tell you that he loved you.

A Mournful Story.

He—You are a Maud Muller, I see.
She (puzzled)—Indeed, no, sir.
He—Then I am no judge.

Close Reasoning.

Devoted colored servitor of tender years to young Boston mistress, directly after the departure of the latter's mother—Ma' Nichols! do set a heap by you, ma'am, don't she, dough?

Young mistress—Yes, I suppose she does, Alice, because I am the only child she has.

Devoted colored servitor, lost in sudden meditation, with her arms crossed, and the dustpan projecting from one hand and the brush from the other—Po' Ma' Nichols! Po' po'! I wasn't her chile she wouldn't be de mother ob nobody.

Story of a Tea-Pot.

A good story is told of the sale of a tea-pot belonging to Lord Augustus Loftus. It appears that, when the personal effects of this nobleman were being sold the other day, an attorney entered the room just as the auctioneer was saying, "Five shillings—any advance on five shillings!" "Five-and-twopence," said the lawyer; and the tea-pot was knocked down to him—much to his surprise, for the article was worth much more as old silver. When pay time came, he tendered five-and-sixpence; but, to his intense disgust, he was told that five-and-sixpence was the price per ounce of the tea-pot, and that the sum due was seventeen pounds ten. Instead of paying and looking pleasant, he went to law. He had to pay after all.

Potted.

A daughter of Bishop Potter of New York recently sent in his name for confirmation in a certain flourishing Evangelical church in that city. A curate who had been bidden to call on each candidate of course called at the bishop's house, the name "Potter" suggesting nothing to the unfortunate cleric. The candidate was not in, but the curate saw Mrs. Potter. This is a portion of their conversation: "Where," inquired the curate, "does your husband attend church?" "Well, he attends none regularly." "Very bad—very bad!" rejoined the curate severely. "This habit of running about is pernicious. "Is he a communicant?" "Yes," said Mrs. Potter. "What views does he hold?" "Ah!" replied the bishop's wife. "Indeed, sir, I do not know; he is, however, the assistant-bishop of this diocese. You had better put the question to him."

A Bright Prospect.

Weinstein—Sandmeyer, I vos in luck.
Sandmeyer—How vos dot, Ikey?
Weinstein—I hat bin occepted py Guggenheimer & Mose Guggenheimer vos rust my size, und you know vot a wardrobe dot feller had, Yakey.

He Bettered Himself.

Burglar—Why, Luke, you're quite a stranger. Have n't you been cracking any cribs lately?

Ex-Burglar—Not I, faith; I'm set up as a parfeshnul writer of testimonials for safe-makers.

He Promptly Corrected His Error.

It was at a railway refreshment room. The passenger was hungry and in a hurry.

"Please pass them pertaters, mister," he said, addressing an elegant gentleman who sat next him.

The latter slowly focused his gold eye-glasses on the speaker.

"Do you think that I was one of the waiters?" he asked, icily.

The others held their knives and forks suspended in mid-air, enjoying to see the man shrivel up. But no such phenomenon took place.

He turned and beckoned to the nearest waiter. "George, come here, please."

"What is it, sir?" asked "George."

"I wanted to apologize to you—that is all. You see, I mistook this party here for you, but I hope you won't be offended at it. Now pass me them pertaters, and we'll go on with the rest of the meal."

Around Town.

(Continued from Page One.)

and have possibilities which encourage us to hope that some day we will be one. Yankeedom is welcome to nail up their gate and close the gap. If they won't let us swing on their gate they can be sure that we won't let them swing on ours. We can get on all right without them, and it will be a God's blessing to us if we learn thus early to be dependent on ourselves. I have always felt that our greatest weakness has been our dependency on the Mother Country. No matter how much a boy may revere his parents, if he hangs around the old homestead and refuses to work for himself, filial affection will not preserve him from the reputation of being a loafer or a ninny. The bird which clings to the home nest will never learn to fly, and those who watch the nesting, the hatching, and the training of the little feathered people of the woods, will often see the mother toss the too timorous bird out of the nest, with some pangs for its safety perhaps, but inspired by ambition for its future. Canada has been cuddling down in the British nest, reaching its neck over the ramparts of the imperial structure and twittering very noisily at its neighbors. It will be a blessing to us if we have to make a nest for ourselves, for we are too old and too "sassy" to ever merit or obtain motherly protection from the old land. Great Britain has too many interests to maintain, too many fledglings to look after, too many squabbles at home, too many jealous neighbors abroad, to devote her energy and navy to the protection of our fisheries or the prosecution of our quarrels. What we need to learn is that we must fight our own battles, and then we won't go hunting for troubles that we can't attend to.

* * *

If the *doctrinaires* who are preaching Imperial Federation will examine the present situation they will find mighty little encouragement. Our first step towards Imperial Federation, the building of an aggressive imperial railway, is one of the causes of the dispute which has arisen. An inter-state bill passed by Congress establishes a railway tariff in the United States. The Canadian Pacific goes down to San Francisco, takes freight up to Vancouver, hauls it across the continent and delivers it in Chicago cheaper than American railways are permitted to carry it. It is not strange that the Yankee railways are angry, nor have we any right to wonder that they clamor for protection. As our Hebrew friends say, "Peeziness vas peeziness." The C. P. R. are doing the best they can for themselves, and Canada backs them up in it. If the American railways do the best they can for themselves we have a right to reckon that Yankeedom will back them up in it. Our roads can get along without carrying Yankee freight, but we are the ones to say when we shall stop. Retaliation may cripple us a little for a time, but we have the consolation of knowing that the Yankees will suffer as much as we will. A little period of estrangement will do us no harm. As neighbors often do, we have been getting too thick; leaning over the back fence too much; chatting too much, and if a frost strikes the intimacy, there is no reason to believe but that "spring time will come again, gentle Annie," and we will have learned to avoid that familiarity which breeds despisery.

* * *

In the meantime we will send our goods to our own maritime cities; we will build our docks on Canadian soil; we will ride in Canadian ships, and use Canadian or English goods, and show the people over the line fence that we can get along without changing work with them or going coon hunting in their corn-field, as long as Commercial Union people have been doing. We know now that we have got to be either with them or "agin" them, and they will find we have both nerve and self-respect enough to maintain our own rights and leave them severely alone. Commercial Unionists will cease to coquette with the people who have given us so frigid a snub. Imperial Federationists will learn that a too intimate alliance of Canada with Great Britain and the pursuance of a too aggressive policy towards our neighbors, will get us into trouble, and it is to be hoped that the Dominion Government will maintain our rights and not weaken one iota before the campaign bluster of the two contending parties who are both seeking capital at our expense. Let us wait for November and the end of the election.

* * *

The Republican Senators have already been forced to weaken in their attitude by President Cleveland's bold move, and we can rest assured that the United States wants peace, and will side with that party in the present contest which has offered to do the fair thing, and has only assumed its present belligerent attitude in order to escape the stigma of cringing to a foreign power. Little men are often obtrusive, abusive and annoying to big ones because they feel too sure that the big fellow will feel ashamed to slap the little one. We must not be ashamed of our much like, but we must take a firm, self-respecting position relying nothing on being able to call for "mother" if we get hurt, there are enough right thinking and high-minded people even amongst American politicians who will feel that it would be a crime to attempt to impose on us and a most dangerous experiment to try to take from us what is ours. Canada is and should be prepared to hang on like grim death to what belongs to her, and we can well, no matter who tries to take it away and without regard to any outside help we may expect to get. Let Sir John be sure that he is *right* and then he can go ahead and not feel afraid that a single Canadian will desert him. If our cause is just the God of battles will be on our side, and what care we for legions which are opposed.

DON.

A Novel Idea.

Two teachers of languages were discussing matters and things relative to their profession.

"Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one of them.

"No, they do not," was the reply. "I often have to wait for weeks and weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it at all. You can't well dun the parents for the money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I always get my money regularly.

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. For instance, I am teaching a boy French, and on the first day of the month his folks don't pay the money for the lesson. In that event I give the following sentence to translate and write out at home: 'I have no money. The month is up. Hast thou got any money? Have not thy parents got money? I need money very much. Why hast thou not brought the money this morning? Did thy father not give thee any money? Has he no money in the pocket-book of his uncle's great aunt?' That fetches them. Next morning you bet that boy brings the money."

She Defined the Situation.

"Oh, excuse me, Miss Bell," said Gus de Jay when he had upset a dish of soup over that young lady's dress. "It was so stupid of me. I am afraid I have almost broken up the conversation by my carelessness," he added, with a look of apology at the silent guest.

"Oh, no," said the young lady. "You haven't broken it up. It's only a case of awkward paws."

By Express.

Infatuated Youth (after a three hours' visit)—"Miss Maud, I must go."

Infatuated Maiden—"Well, Charlie, but you will call again soon, I hope."

Infatuated Youth—"I will be back in fifteen minutes."

Unnecessary Delay.

Miss Freshly—What are these men working so hard at, papa?

Mr. F.—They are weighing the anchor, my dear.

"Goodness, how absurd! If the captain wants to know the weight of the anchor, why doesn't he have it weighed beforehand, and not wait until we get ready to start, and then keep us waiting for the men to weigh it when we are all ready to go.

An Accommodating Menial.

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" asked a lady of her colored servant.

"Bekase I did'n' heah de bell."

"Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you come and tell me so."

"Yassum."

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It Killed His Too.

"Good morning, sir."
"Morning."
"I—er— beg your pardon."
"I beg yours, sir."
"May I ask what you gave your horse for the botts?"
"Turpentine, sir."
"Oh! thanks—er—er—good morning."
"Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."
"Good morning."
"Beg pardon, but did I understand you to say that you gave your horse turpentine for the botts?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, I tried it and it killed my horse."
"It killed mine, sir."
"Oh—er—er—good morning."
"Good morning."

Failed to Fail Properly.

"So you've gone under in business," said a New York merchant to his son.
"Yes, sir, I've failed completely."
"How much did you turn over to your wife?"
"Nothing."
"Do you mean that you haven't put a cent away?"
"Not a cent. I told you that I had failed completely."
"Yes, but I hadn't any idea that you had made such an utter humiliating failure as all that."

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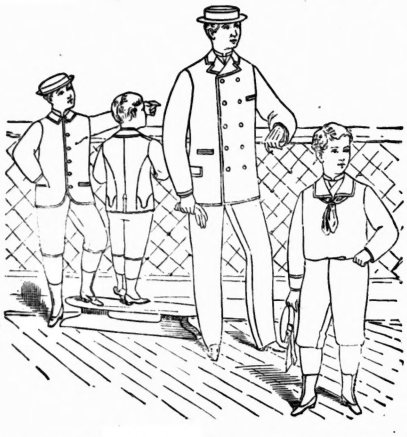

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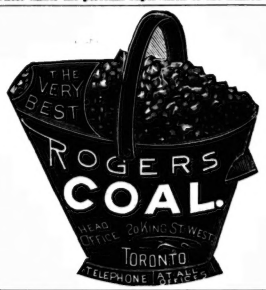

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